



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 11, No. 49

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 22, 1898.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 569

Things in General.

THE idea of instituting a city club to be purchased and maintained by Toronto is such utter rubbish that not a single adherent of the vague and priggish scheme should be found in the whole aggregation of aldermen, no matter how weak or strong-minded they may be or how devoted to notions. If people want a club they will provide themselves with one; if they desire to swim or wash they will find an opportunity. The city has a large number of clubs, and very fortunately for itself has a vast number of bathtubs. Even the cheap houses are not without their bath-rooms, and the smallest club is not devoid of opportunities for the member to train himself as an athlete. The Athletic Club was a mistake from the beginning, and unless it is turned into a boarding-house for Members of Parliament I do not see what use it will be. In view of other important and really insistent topics, even the mention of the Athletic Club as a city project is preposterous.

THE Board of Trade meeting which has been proposed for considering the attraction of summer tourists to Toronto, on the other hand, is one of the most significant signs of a progressive spirit that has been shown. While Toronto is not likely to devote itself to going out to a club-house to have a swim, it is devoting itself most rigorously to finding some way of making an honest dollar. It is better to take care of weak boarding-houses that are honestly trying to do a good business, than to devote the city strength to a club which has been found unnecessary to the people of this city, and will be found unnecessary to the visitors who may be attracted and be made of great value to the residents. What the Board of Trade should do—and in it they should find the support of the City Council—is to appoint a proper man to direct the tide of traffic to the city that we are trying to improve. Railroads employ thousands of men to do for their lines what we could very well employ a couple of men to do for all the lines which center in Toronto. The railroads desire to get people; Toronto desires to get people. Let the city use the same methods and the same results will be accomplished. If we have nothing to offer, then let us stay out of the business; if we have a great deal to offer, in every way exceptional and in every way attractive, then let us be as vigorous as a commercial corporation would be in attracting the business. The idea of considering the matter at a meeting of the business men is a good one, and it is to be hoped will be followed to a possible and profitable conclusion.

THE following lines were sent me by a gentleman who thinks that *apropos* of the recent discussion of money matters in connection with church work, the real standpoint of a religious-professional money-raiser ought to be understood. The verses hit hard, but the humor of them excuses the bruises, which will soon heal:

Money! oh money! thy praises I sing,
Thou art my saviour, my god and my king;
'Tis for thee that I preach and for thee that I pray,
And make a collection twice each Sabbath day.

I have candles and all sorts of dresses to buy,
For I wish you to know that my church is called "high."
I don't mean in structure of steeple or walls,
But so "high" that the Lord cannot reach it at all.

I've poor people in my parish who need some relief,
I preach to their poverty, pray for their grief.
I send my box 'round to them morning and night,
And hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.

I gather my knowledge from wisdom's great tree,
And the whole of my trinity is ϵ , ς , and δ :
Pounds, shillings and pence are all that I crave,
From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.

And when I'm laid low and my body at rest,
Place a box on my grave—'tis my latest request,
That friends may see, who come for reflection,
I can't rest in peace without a collection.

Money's my creed, I'll not pray without it.
My heaven is closed 'gainst all those who doubt it,
For this is the essence of each priest's religion,
Come regular to church and be plucked like a pigeon.

My pay may be hundreds or thousands a year,
Double it, treble it—still I am here
With my box or my bag, collecting your brass.
I can't do as Jesus did—ride on an ass.

I'll have carriages and horses and servants and all.
I'm not going to foot it—like Peter and Paul;
Neither like John—live on locusts and honey—
So out with your purses and down with your money.

Fools sometimes ask what I do with this money,
They might as well ask what bees do with honey;
I answer them all with a wink and a nod,
I keep three-thirds myself and give praises to God.

In the cold, silent earth I soon may be laid low
To sleep with the blest that went long ago;
I shall slumber in peace till the great resurrection,
Then be first on my legs to make a collection.

IT had become one of the standing newspaper jokes, "When the John Eaton fire inquest is concluded or the City Hall finished!" The fact that the merits of the case have been settled by the decision of Chief Justice Meredith in the insurance case will probably be noticed by many who will fail to remember that the Messrs. Thompson, who were accused of wrongdoing, were absolutely exonerated. It is thus we live in our careless way, listening with keen zest to startling stories, and neglecting, as new stories and other sensations come up, to bear in mind the conclusion of something which painfully affected the reputation of a number of men or women who had been practically dropped from the world while the cloud hung over their reputation. Few to-day know anything about the merits of the trial which lasted so long, but we may presume that the Chief Justice who has so recently delivered his judgment knew what he was talking about. It is only just, no matter if we had nothing to do with spreading the rumor, that we should all of us endeavor to be as swift in telling the charitable truth as we were in listening to the uncharitable untruth. No details need to be gone into, but the Chief Justice said that the books of the firm were regularly kept, afforded all reasonable information, and that the stock sheets which figured so largely in a former trial were substantially exact, and that there was no fraud. Furthermore, it is said that there was no possible suspicion of arson, and that the losses had been proved. Many people may have thought that when the great mercantile fire-trap was burned someone had an interest in burning it, but this has not been shown, and as far as any just person is concerned the decision of the court should be final, and as far as the community is concerned, Messrs. Thompson should find themselves as well situated as before suspicions were voiced to such an extent as to cause this exceedingly long and expensive investigation, which to them must have been almost unendurably trying.

The situation of the United States insurance companies in this matter naturally comes up at this juncture. Do they now intend to pay their losses, or do they propose that they must be sued and the trial reopened in the States where they have their

headquarters? If this phenomenal lawsuit has been insufficient to establish the necessity of immediate payment, those insuring in companies having their headquarters in the United States should take warning and drop all such associations. Because rates are slightly lower in United States companies, many merchants have given them their insurance, but if payment is only to be exacted in case of a loss by following the companies to their home cities, such insurance can no longer be regarded as either securing the firm taking out policies or likely to indemnify in any way the wholesale houses or banks interested in such stocks as may be burned. Nothing so thoroughly ruins the reputation of an insurance company, either life or fire, as the necessity of prolonged litigation in order to obtain indemnity. The result in the matter of the John Eaton Company fire is therefore liable to be remembered by business men who have been using United States insurance companies.

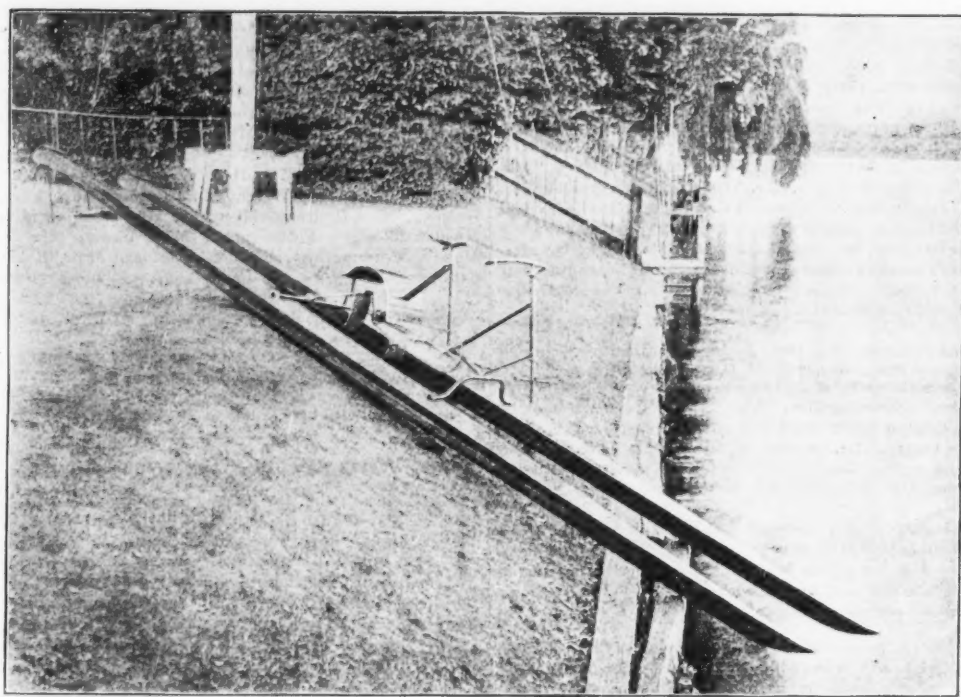
AS people are apt to rail against the modern society journal with its references to pretty weddings, etc., let me quote from the "York Gazette," published in York, Upper Canada, by John Cameron, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, Sept. 18th, 1811. In it is, "Married, about the 25th ult., Samuel Street, Esq., of the Bridgewater Mills, to Miss Ransom, an amiable young lady." This was the style in Toronto eighty-odd years ago, and after all "the pretty wedding" business is not a modern innovation.

HAVE a long letter and a clever one from a doctor of medicine in which I am severely taken to task for so readily accepting all sorts of doctrines. I confess that he makes some of them look rather "thin" in his criticism, but I do not care. I am sure he knows no more of the other world than I do; it needs no declaration to prove that both of us are without evidence, yet I am more fortunate than he is in being able to say, "I accept and believe." I know a man who does not believe in the goodness of women, in fact, refuses to believe in the goodness of any woman. I am glad to be able to say that I believe in the goodness of them all. I am not sure that any one of them is all good, but I am sure there is not one of them all bad, and as a rule they

which does not at least contribute to their husbands' happiness. This attitude may be selfish, but it is so absolutely human that women must regard it or suffer from violating demands which husbands feel that they have a right to make.

Another amiable little disturbance occurred not long ago in a Methodist society, where the ladies demanded representation in conference, or on a mission board, or something of that sort. I quote a paragraph from what appeared as the principal recital of the ladies' wrongs. Mrs. Rutherford "believed that the men be left the work of washing dishes, etc., in connection with the church work. The women helped to raise the money, but when it came to spending it they were left out." If it be a question of leaving the men to wash the dishes after tea-meetings or giving the ladies who made the cakes the spending of the money, I would humbly suggest that the tea-meeting be dropped altogether. The amount of money raised at tea-meetings is too small in quantity, the method too disturbing of home life and the results to be accomplished too trivial, to be the cause of raising the painful and peace-destroying question of who shall wash dishes. Taken altogether it looks very much as if a Home Work Association ought to be formed for doing work at home for the heathen who makes the family living and for the little heathens who need to be washed and fed.

THE question of home lessons as given out by the teachers of our Public schools is again afflicting the public. Why should not the situation be eased at once by a declaration being made general that parents cannot be forced to kill their children by overstudy, and that schoolteachers cannot expel children for not learning home lessons? No parents who find that the child is being injured at tasks which have to be done at home, have sense enough to be the father or mother of a child if they are not sufficiently intelligent to conduct this matter for themselves. Why should people be so unutterably stupid as to think that school boards and schoolteachers can assume the right of supervising the life of a child when it is under the parental roof? Tasks have been given to children to take home with them. It should have been always thoroughly understood



THE NEW PADDLE-STROKE WATER-CYCLE.

The above picture is reproduced from the *St. James's Budget* and shows the new hydro-cycle or water-cycle, invented by Mr. John Forrest Walters of Twickenham, England. This water-cycle is capable, it is said, of traveling twelve miles an hour with ease and much faster if desired. The distinctive feature of the invention is the propeller, which is nothing more nor less than a copy of the canoe paddle harnessed in such a manner as to be driven mechanically by the feet. The inventor has designed a boat for eight riders, which he hopes to have ready for the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, when an exhibition will be given.

The idea in a general way is not new. In the early days of the bicycle the water velocipede was tried everywhere. Fifteen years ago there was at least one on Toronto Bay that made dozens of trips to the Island and back, and success seemed assured. But it broke one day in the middle of the bay and the rider had to be picked up by a ferry boat. This was a center-wheel. One of the makers of it hit on the idea of building a propeller, so he made another with a galvanized iron screw and launched it, but when he attempted to mount the saddle the iron stern went under water, and, in disgust, the inventor left it in the slip at the foot of Church street, where it still reposes in the mud at the bottom. There are scores of men in Toronto who spent time and money on water-cycles. That was before the days of the chain.

are all better than men. I believe in religious truth in the same way. It is better than the opposite, and like women's virtue it is not a good thing to argue, for discussion only soils that which, if kept clean, keeps the world cleaner than it otherwise would be.

HAVE some serious complaints emanating from Grand Trunk Railway men in the northern country. I feel that anyone who interferes in the business of a neighbor or acts as disturber in the affairs of a great corporation is not doing a public service, but is likely to be esteemed a busybody. Nevertheless, the transportation business of the country is everybody's vital affair, and the hardships of employees, while we may really care little about them personally, are danger signals to all who are engaged in buying, selling or moving goods or the products of the soil. Without going into details at present, I can only say that I am badly informed if, should the present scale of wages and the extraordinarily long hours continue, a great big strike will not bring General Manager Hays and his profits to a standstill. The men, naturally enough, are asking why shareholders, officials and everybody but the men, who do the hard work, are getting raises, while the toilers are being kept from even natural sleep in order to make a good showing. Men cannot work 16 or 18 hours a day, even if they are getting over-time, but if they are getting the smallest wages they have had for years and the hardest work, a kick may be expected.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union of Toronto district had its meeting on Wednesday, and the election of officers took place. Mrs. Bascam retired from the presidency and it seemed difficult to fill the position, inasmuch as much time was consumed by properly attending to its duties. The retiring president stated, according to the reports of the evening papers, that "her home was suffering from her absence and her husband objected." Certainly these were good reasons for dropping the task. We are not all quite sure that a great deal of good is done by women's associations, but we are all thoroughly convinced that an immense amount of good is done by a woman attending to her home and not causing her "husband to object." Just how much the average husband could be induced to endorse the presence of his wife in women's work of a public sort, or how much he is likely to excuse her absence from home, does not need discussion. Men as a rule do not marry women with an idea of having them fritter away their time in "society" or devote themselves to some sort of work

that the child ceased to be under public supervision when it left the schoolhouse. This is the case, and so obviously clear is it that the subject needs no further discussion or the making of any more regulations. If you do not want your child to study let the child play or sleep, or do anything it likes. If you think the child can stand a little study, follow the teacher's instructions and help the public instructor to improve the childish mind. Regulations must be made in a general way, and it is quite proper that they should exist, and it is also quite proper that parents should disregard them if they see fit. Children may not be promoted if they do not do home work; that is the parents' business. There is no law forbidding the child to stay in the same room year in and year out, and by all means leave them there, or put them at work, or send them to a hospital if necessary, rather than that parents shall be clamoring through the public press that their child shall be made the type and the standard for all school arrangements. In this, as in other matters, there should be some latitude allowed and some judgment used.

PEOPLE may become elevated to an unusual and untenable basis by a spirit of religious exaltation, moral reform, separation from the world, devotion to missionary enterprises, or in fact anything that can be invented and properly presented by one who has the power of becoming the central force of a gathering of people. This was displayed by the extraordinary collection made by Rev. Mr. Simpson in New York, whose work is ostensibly that of chief of some sort of a mission concern. A man of the same force could get the same number of people to contribute to the poor and would no doubt be successful in having the donations quite as large in one instance as in the other. The donations to the poor would probably be more easily applied and more intelligently, and perhaps more honestly, administered, but that cuts no figure. When people have hysterics and are prone to cast their jewelry and such sections of their raiment as they with decency can spare, into a basket, they will devote their worldly goods to anything on earth, no matter how outlandish it may appear, if someone will shout loud enough to start the gale and there be enough singing and loud outcries later on by those who represent the spirit of excitement.

I am always willing to accept manifestations made, or presumably made, by those who are outside of the ordinary walls of the life in which we concern ourselves with such

miserable and persistent unimportance. It seems to me a very pleasant and flattering thing that there are great concerns going on about us with which we are unconsciously connected. It may be a matter of extraordinary importance to some people just how and why and where we are thus connected. In social matters it is very often a terribly important thing to people to know whether they can get in or out, and as to whether they are on the accepted list or not. So far I have not been concerned either whether I am acceptable religiously or socially. An abiding confidence that the Creator is unlikely to treat me worse than other people and that He was unlikely to create people to treat them badly, has made me feel that the whole matter, not originally in my hands, nor obtainable as a part of my administration, is liable to be administered by One whose tendency will be at least as generous as that of an ordinary man would be. In the administration of justice we think little or nothing about it because we have so little to do with it. Our conflict with law is so slight that we do not learn law by heart, nor practice in our school routine little recitative things to work off on judges, simply because we presume that we are out of the road of litigation. This being the case, why should we be so greatly disturbed in our daily life as to how we shall be received on Judgment Day?

SOME of the French-Canadian Liberal newspapers have an undying fight against Minister of Public Works Tarte. An occasional Catholic Liberal paper has its knife in very open sight for Mr. Fisher, the Prohibitionist and "scrupulously somewhat," Minister of Agriculture. The *Mail* and *Empire* and the *News*, together with the *Brockville Times* and a few others, are always on the trail after the scalp of Postmaster-General Mulock. But there is no greater veteran of the political tomahawk and war-whoop than is the *Toronto Telegram* when it gets after Mr. Sifton of the Interior. The *Telegram* is perhaps the most noticeable of all of the chiefs who are looking for some special scalp, and unfortunately—so far as a general belief that the *Telegram* is unbiased in the matter—the editor was on the red and reeking trail before Minister of the Interior Sifton had committed any sins or even threatened to commit them. I have always been an admirer of "Fighting Joe Martin," and I believe the *Telegram* professes to be nothing more. I have not felt it necessary to tomahawk an old acquaintance in order to support Mr. Sifton, and I cannot quite see why from the very start-out the *Telegram* should tomahawk Mr. Sifton in order to show special friendship for Mr. Martin. Without doubt a detractor of either could say credibly evil things of both without the slightest fear of libel. Any newspaper writer could, if he wished, make comparisons unfavorable to Mr. Martin or unfavorable to Mr. Sifton. What, then, remains? There was a generally understood idea that one man was a trouble-maker in the sense that he would never stand with his colleagues; that he would never do anything except on his own account; that he would never be anything unless he was "it." This reduction of the thing to a standstill is necessary, because no man who is a friend of an administration should permit his name to be always placed in obnoxious contact with that of a member of a government to which he is supposed to be friendly, without a disclaimer of some sort.

I have always felt that Mr. Sifton was the better choice for the place of the two men for the Federal position. When the fight which resulted in the presence of the Liberal Administration was on, Mr. Sifton was the man whom I found to be doing the greater work, though it must be admitted that Mr. Martin was the man in whose name was initiated the campaign in Manitoba which brought the whole thing into significance. It was understood at the time amongst the uninformed like myself, who thought they had an idea of the basis upon which the Government was being formed, that Mr. Sifton was chosen instead of Mr. Martin because on the first day of his arrival in the Government he would not be looking for a premiership. This is a reasonably good ground for choosing one man in preference to another, for a government must have a premier who must not be simply chairman of a changing aggregation of heads of bureaus. No one who understands the situation believes that either Mr. Martin or Mr. Sifton is much the cleverer or more honest man of the two, though it is quite possible that experience as a filibuster may make one of them cleverer in manoeuvres than the one who has been chosen by the Government, though the *Evening Telegram* has elected his rival and is also opposing the Government on general principles.

To prove how clever a man Mr. Martin is—and it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to join in any movement to give him a distinctive and conspicuous position as a man of executive ability—let us glance at his swift capture of the Liberal party of British Columbia. Mr. Martin, as a resident, was practically a stranger on the coast, and yet he obtained a distinguished place when the Provincial Government was attacked. He obtained a subordinate place when the Opposition obtained power. Immediately he obtained the supreme place, following out the not at all disgraceful record of being king-pin or nothing. He became the Premier, and I venture to prophesy that his premiership will be the most turbulent and yet the most profitable thing that ever struck the section of the Pacific coast over which the British flag flies. I have no idea of detracting anything from Mr. Martin's superlative record, but I am firmly convinced that he is too busy and self-absorbed a man to be anything but the Premier of a section of Canada. That Sir Wilfrid Laurier declined to permit him to be inserted as a man who would beat the heads of other Cabinet Ministers together, shows the ability of the Dominion Premier to keep his Cabinet off the rocks, and I think that as we had to choose between Mr. Laurier and Mr. Martin we did not make a mistake—particularly as British Columbia has so greatly profited by the choice which was made.

Talking about the ability of Sir Wilfrid to keep the ship of state sailing smoothly, it must be admitted that he has apparently given extraordinary powers to the men who are working with him as Cabinet Ministers. Everyone has been a little premier in his own department, and yet there has been an abiding evidence of good government, good faith and fairly good fellowship amongst them all. Every man has been using his department to make a record for himself, and the people of Canada have no reason to be sorry that special men are held in special view before special sections of Canada, so long as partisanship is not permitted to run wild. And partisanship is not likely to be a crazy idea when men of many sorts from many localities have to adjust the necessities of a government and of a people to the other departments whose direct interests lie in other directions. The whole experiment has been of interest to everyone who watches government, and it is in watching such an experiment operated largely in a government constituted of the premiers of provinces that we get our fullest conception of what can possibly be done by men—so largely local, representing interests so largely local—in a general combination which has to do with things much wider than mere local politics, or the adjustment of tariffs, or the placing of official people, or the building of local improvements.

Canada has its task before it when it considers all these phases of the work done by men who are large, but who were local. In fact, we have the problem before us of the control of general affairs by men of local importance and interests. It may

not be the right way to do it; those who are conversant with the management of Sir John's Government are aware that it is a method which was not formerly employed. On its face it looks logical and proper; in its working out it may seem puerile and inefficient. So far, either by accident or by the combination of those minds which were most esteemed in their geographical sections of the country, business has all been coming Canada's way, and it is not an unreasonable thing to think that, as every interest has prospered, the precedent of men thoroughly well informed locally has had something to do with the propagation of a trade idea, undeniably rescued half-alive from a previous government, in the matter of making the best out of our resources. If this is really the result of our Government we have reason to congratulate ourselves. If it is not, we have reason to be watchful and to criticize openly any symptoms of a dereliction from duty which may be proven.

However, to criticize from a point of view of personal partisanship and to agitate merely for personal changes in a department in order that damage may be done to the Government or that the integrity of the movement may be destroyed, is false friendship and politically is without excuse. As far as most of us are concerned we do not care so much about both or either that we would be unhappy to see either injured, so long as the structure is not impaired; and I think there is not enough enthusiasm in the whole matter, about either, as compared with the good government of the country, that it would be important if Dominion or provincial affairs were conducted as though neither had been born.

Social and Personal.

At half-past two o'clock Wednesday Mr. Stewart C. Macdonald, barrister, Dunnville, and Miss Wilhelmina Cotter, younger daughter of Mr. J. R. Cotter, Crown Attorney of Barrie, were married in Trinity church, Barrie, by Rev. Canon Reiner. The church was brilliantly lighted and artistically decorated with flowers and ferns. The dress of white duchesse satin worn by the bride was made with yoke and sleeves of shirred tulle, the bodice enriched with pearl passementerie, and the skirt with tulle and orange blossoms, while the train formed a Watteau pleat from the shoulders. The veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms, and the shower bouquet was of white roses. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaids, Miss Plummer and Miss Beatrice Macdonald of Toronto, wore oyster-colored satin gowns with ruffled chiffon yokes, sleeves, and sashes of the same soft shade, picture hats of black velvet with black feathers and silver sequin crowns, and carried tall crooks, to which were tied bouquets of Meteor roses. Two charming little maids of honor, Miss Margaret and Miss Monica Barwick, nieces of the bride, wore dainty frocks of white silk, and quaint Victorian bonnets of shirred white net with white feathers, and carried baskets of red roses. Mr. James Macdonald of Dunnville, brother of the groom, was best man, and Mr. Hugh Rose of Toronto, Messrs. C. W. Kortright and C. H. Plummer of Barrie, acted as ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. R. L. Barwick of Owen street; refreshments were served in a large marquee, and the many handsome presents displayed. Besides Barrie friends who assembled to do honor to the popular bride, the guests numbered many out-of-town people, among whom were: Hon. Justice and Mrs. Rose and the Misses Rose of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macdonald of Toronto, Miss Schreiber of Sarnia, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Campbell of Stayner, Mrs. R. Boulton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. William Lount of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Niagara Falls, Mrs. Gundy of Toronto, Mrs. Wharton of Fort Erie, Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont of Toronto. Mrs. Cotter, the bride's mother, wore green satin brocade in black and white, the skirt trimmed with ribbon and jet, and the bodice with handsome passementeries, with vest of black and white embroidered tulle. The bonnet was of green velvet, and trimmed to correspond with the dress. Mrs. Barwick wore a dress of rich terra-cotta silk, with vest of turquoise blue and white embroidered tulle. Her toque was of black velvet, with blue sequined crown and pheasant's breast and black tips. Mrs. Lount's dress was of golden-brown, with vest of pale pink and blue tulle, and large picture hat of black velvet with plumes. Mrs. Dickenson's dress was of black silk with black and white front, and bonnet of black and white to correspond. The bride's traveling-dress was a handsome tailor-made suit of French blue cloth, with vest of white satin covered with ecru lace. The toque was of cloth and velvet of the same shade of blue, with black sequin crown, and pheasant's wing and quills. After the reception the bride and groom left on the afternoon train, followed by hearty good wishes.

Mr. Douglas Macdougall of Carlton Lodge went down to Ottawa this week to be best man to his friend, Mr. Bernard Thomson, who was on Wednesday married to Miss Ethel Wright, daughter of the late William McKay Wright. Mr. Thomson is the son of Mr. E. W. Thomson, the talented writer, whose name is always associated with the *habitant* story of Old Man Savarin, his popular work, and who was formerly on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Thomson went by the Vancouver to England.

Closely following on the marriage of the Hunt Club's popular honorary secretary, Mr. Stewart Houston, came the marriage of the new secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club, Mr. Fraser, which took place last week.

Mrs. Dwight's reception was a veritable crush on Wednesday afternoon, when the clouds happily ceased to fall and gave the many bright women who attended the coming-out tea of Miss Maude Dwight a chance to get to St. George street in comparative comfort. The debutante, a very graceful slight blonde, was gowning in a dainty and simple frock of white mousseline de soie, embroidered in tiny spots and trimmed with narrow shirred ribbon, over a white silk slip, and a weary maiden she must have been by the time she had shaken hands several hundred times with the ladies who greeted and welcomed her to social circles—an endless stream, for the late-comers arriving met the early birds departing, and merrily exchanged greetings. Mrs. Dwight, the dignified mother, in black and white brocade, presented her daughter to the guests, and gave all her usual hearty welcome. In the dining-room was a pretty tea-table decorated with white roses and presided over by Miss McArthur, looking very handsome in rose glaze silk, Miss Helliwell in black with white satin vest and revers, and Miss Davidson in blue. Mrs. Harton Walker poured tea, wearing a black *moire velours* gown touched with turquoise blue, and black picture hat, in which she looked a picture. The Italian orchestra played on the landing and had a very subservient place when once the women's chatter got fairly started. Everyone has so much to say at the first month's teas. It is funny to watch the contrast as to-day my lady effusively greets her friend whom in three weeks she will salute with a careless nod, or the wicked advice to "Keep it up, my dear. Christmas is coming!"

Mr. Harold Jarvis has been singing in Winnipeg with great success. The *Daily Tribune* goes into raptures over his method and temperament, and says of that sweetest of all Scotch songs, *Afton Water*: "The big edifice was hushed almost to the stillness of death as the dulcet tones were whispered forth, and a sigh of pleasure from feelings long pent up was gently wafted through the auditorium, bearing almost unwilling testimony to the magnetic power possessed by the vocalist."

Miss Lillian Hamilton of St. Mary street, who has been away attending the wedding of her cousin, Miss Rogerson, got home on Thursday.

Mr. George Broughall is back from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour are to remain at Balmy Beach this winter.

The marriage of Miss Teresa Lumaga of St. Louis to Dr. William J. Dwyer, the superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital, last week, constituted an interesting topic of conversation in Toronto. The bride was for years a social leader in St. Louis, the Lumaga family being one of the oldest in the State, while there are few more widely known of the younger generation of

physicians than Dr. Dwyer of St. Michael's Hospital, the groom. The wedding occurred in New York on Wednesday, October 12, and was celebrated in the beautiful St. Patrick's cathedral, Rev. Father McMahon, the rector, being the officiating priest. The chief bridesmaid was Miss May Lumaga, a sister of the bride. Mr. Oscar Malvern of New York was groomsmen. The wedding, which was a very quiet one, because of a recent bereavement in the family of the bride, was withal a rather elaborate one, and the guests were entertained at breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria. The couple arrived in town on Saturday last and will probably spend the winter at the Arlington.

Mrs. W. H. Kerr and Miss Kerr, accompanied by Miss Grace Atkin of Montreal, have returned from Murray Bay.

Lady Thompson returned from a visit to Rideau Hall, Ottawa, on Monday.

Miss Eva Acheson of Goderich, who has been visiting with Miss Loudon, Jarvis street, has returned home.

The residence of Dr. J. H. and Mrs. Webb of Waterloo was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday, October 19, when their only daughter, Clarabel, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Hammond Hall, son of the late Rev. Thomas Hall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. McNair, while the groom was supported by Mr. J. J. Ashworth of Toronto. The bride looked the impersonation of maidenly grace in an ivory-colored satin gown, *en train*, trimmed with rich lace, while a tulle veil, a wreath of orange blossoms and large bouquet of white roses were the finishing touches. Miss Kathleen Hall, as bridesmaid, looked striking in a handsome gown of blue duchesse satin, trimmed with frills of blue chiffon, edged with white shirred *bebe* ribbon. A large black velvet hat with soft plumes and steel buckles, and a shower bouquet of pink roses, completed the pretty effect. As the strains of the bridal march from Lohengrin broke upon the assemblage, barriers of white satin ribbon were simultaneously formed by six ushers—waiting—Mr. Mayne D. Hamilton, Mr. Russell Cooke, Mr. Norman Seagram, Mr. H. Snider, Mr. Devitt and Mr. Hodgins—thus forming down the long drawing-room an aisle for the bridal party. As the bride and groom were signing the register Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by Miss Marguerite Hall, after which the happy couple received the hearty congratulations of their many friends. After the wedding breakfast the bride and groom took the train for Washington and Eastern States, followed by the good wishes of all present. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will, upon their return, take up their residence at 25 Admiral road, where Mrs. Hall will be at home on Fridays after November 20.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, is visiting Miss Sasha Young at her home in Niagara Falls.

The Seidl Orchestra concert was a striking proof that what we like we will make some exertions to secure. The weather was atrocious, pouring wet and stormy, but the world and his wife went abroad and arrived in good time at the Massey Hall, where a most charming concert rewarded their effort. The orchestral numbers were all received with enthusiasm, and Miss Sara Anderson, a fine-looking girl, with a lovely figure, a clever, pleasant face, a white satin frock, and a voice that sounded fresh and sweet, every word, beautifully articulated, was heard in the furthest corner of the vast auditorium. The Government House party occupied the usual seats facing the stage, and seated near them were Mr. and Miss Kerland, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Miss Muir, Miss Hees, Mr. Edward Fisher, Mr. Beatty, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Ferguson of Oak Lodge. In the body of the hall were many bright groups, the pretty parties from the various seminaries, and up aloft flaunted two great banners, where the Victoria College students clustered and rapturously strove for encores, which, I am glad to note, were gently but firmly refused in almost every instance.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. James Carruthers entertained Miss Margaret Houston and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp at dinner.

On Thursday evening Rev. M. A. Shaver gave a lime light lecture in Clinton street Methodist church, entitled *The Wonders of the Orient*. Mr. Shaver has lately returned from extensive travels in the East. Mr. Whitmore assisted with his excellent manipulation of the lime-light views.

The Grenadiers' concert to-night in the Armouries will prove a popular rendezvous. The ball at the Victoria Club last night opened the dancing season with much *clat*. Several gowns were much admired and some designed by Madame Henriette of Paris were most smart and becoming.

Mrs. Loudon's reception on Friday afternoon of last week was a very popular and crowded event. Men in shoals, as usual when the Principal's wife invite, turned out in attendance and any number of ladies gave them an afternoon's good exercise, racing about with ices and tea and charging through a barricade of French millinery to reach the refreshment table. Mrs. Loudon received with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wallace McLean, beside her. Quiet professors, studious faces and bald heads, smart young medics, a jolly deputation from Trinity and guests from every quarter of the city were present, and a very pleasant hour was enjoyed on a "gray day."

Sir John Carling was in town Tuesday. Mrs. Everard Coates (Sara Jeannette Duncan) has returned to India. Mr. Robert Coates has secured a good position in the South. The eldest daughter of Lord Minto is Canadian-born. She is not yet fourteen years old and her pretty name is Eileen Nina Evelyn Sybil Elliott. A great deal of interest is being shown in everything pertaining to Lord and Lady Minto, who I fancy are to be very popular for the next five years.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Messrs. Henry and Woodburn Osborne, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Amy Seton Thompson, Mr. Castell Hopkins and Mr. O'Flynn of Madoc, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Lady Meredith, Miss Meredith, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Holmstead and their guest, Miss Willard, Mr. Rupert Wells, Miss Merritt, Mr. Howard, Misses Boulton, Mr. J. T. and Miss Small, Mr. Pringle, Miss Gurney, Mr. Sanford Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. Cronyn, were of the many who enjoyed the Seidl concert.

Mrs. Walde receives next Wednesday afternoon at Glenhurst, Rosedale, at half-past four o'clock, when Miss Walde will make her formal debut.

Mr. Finnegan has returned from the Old Country. The Sisters of the Church gave an At Home yesterday from four to six, at 69 Baldwin street.

The fifty-first anniversary of the consecration of the Church of the Holy Trinity will be celebrated with choral service on Thursday evening, October 27. The sermon will be preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Sullivan, and special music will be rendered, including Spohr's cantata, *God Thou Art Great*. The church will be suitably decorated for harvesttide.

The graduating exercises in Grace Hospital for those nurses who have passed their final examinations will take place on Wednesday evening, October 26, at 8 o'clock. The public are cordially invited to be present.

On Saturday afternoon, October 15, an interesting wedding took place at Christ church, Deer Park, when Rev. Septimus Jones of the Church of the Redeemer united in marriage Mr. John Leslie Buchanan and Miss Ethelwyn Badgerow, daughter of the late Crown Attorney Badgerow. The suburban church was decorated with palms, ferns and crimson roses by the girl friends of the bride, and was brilliantly lighted in charming contrast to the gloom of the world outside. Miss Badgerow's wedding gown was of white duchesse satin with shirred sleeves of mousseline de soie and tucked bodice. She wore a tulle veil with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. Miss Buchanan and Miss Macdougall were bridesmaids, wearing white organdie with frills and lace, and black plumed hats, a touch of color being given to their costumes by their nosogays of scarlet geraniums. Little Miss Gladys Walker was maid of honor. Mr. Jones was best man, and the

ushers were Messrs. Fred Badgerow, Harold Baldwin and Fred Jones. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. T. D. Mulholland of Deer Park, when a pleasant company offered their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, after which the bride and groom left by the train for a honeymoon in the East, Mrs. Buchanan going away in a gown of dark blue silk, with chiffon and black velvet plumed hat. A few of the guests were: Mr. Jones, Miss Edith Jones, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Miss Wood, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cross, Professor and Mrs. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. Adam Wright, Miss Amy Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Lightbourne, Mrs. Lachlan Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Miss Ethel Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ross Gooderham have returned from their honeymoon and Mrs. Gooderham will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, October 31 and November 1. On the evening of the latter day Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham will be at home to their young friends.

Mr. Thomas K. MacKeand, Deputy Registrar, Chatham, was in town for a short visit this week and attended the first meeting of the Chartered Accountants.

Mrs. John Ferguson will not be in Toronto this season, as she has gone to reside at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Somerville's afternoon reception for the presentation of her daughter on Thursday afternoon was a brilliant one. The debutante, who is a beautiful and rather English-looking girl, is lately home from a transatlantic school, and is sure to be much sought after this season. Mrs. Somerville received in a gown of gray *moire velours*, with white lace yoke and touches of yellow velvet on the bodice. Miss Somerville wore pink chiffon over pink satin, and the decorations of the *salon* corresponded with her pretty frock, being a wealth of pink roses. Miss Snowball of New Brunswick, who is a guest at Athelstone, wore heliotrope satin with some rich lace. Mrs. Cockburn Clemow, who is down from Ottawa on a visit to her sister, was gowning in black and white. In the dining-room Webb's men served a very elegant buffet done in yellow roses. Miss Steele of Hamilton was an admired out-of-town guest. Miss Lola Powell, daughter of Sheriff Powell of Ottawa, who summered in Muskoka with Major and Mrs. Denison, is to spend a month or two at Athelstone, and Miss Brown-Wallis and her brother are expected for Mrs. Somerville's dance in the Temple Building next month.

On Monday evening King Boreas held high carnival, and it was a plucky dame who did not shrink and squeak when she crossed the high-level bridge on her way to the Yacht Club. Hats blew one side, skirts ballooned in great shape, and curls strayed from their hairpin moorings, while, breathless and laughing, their owners reached the haven of the wharf only to be nearly blown into the bay a moment later as they scampered across the landing behind the club house. At half-past eight the room was just comfortably filled with young people, while a few of what a lover calls "necessary evils," the good-natured chaperones, sat cosily chatting in the windowed nook beside the hearth, on which glowed an artistic brazier fire of ruddy coals. The Italian Orchestra played brightly in the musicians' gallery, and the dancers seemed to thoroughly enjoy the affair. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Monahan, Mrs. Charles Reid, Mrs. Scott of Chicago, Miss Barrett, Miss Smith, Miss Douglas, the Misses Monahan, Miss Mae Reid, Miss Daisy Wright of Port Huron, Miss Thrall, Miss Headley, Miss Helliwell, Miss Eby, Miss Carmen, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Nettie Muir, Miss White, Miss Mitchell, Messrs. Plummer, Archibald, Wissner, Muir, Reid, E. W. Sandys of New York, Creelman, Alley, and many others.

Miss Nicol of Cookstown is staying with Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, 415 Dovercourt road.

Mr. Morton Jones, who came up from Colborne to preside at the organ at the Buchanan-Badgerow wedding last Saturday, spent Sunday with his parents at The Rectory.

What a Young Reporter Can Do.

IN these stirring times a man of very small importance may greatly disturb the big affairs of the world, and this truth is often illustrated by the sensational writer in newspapers than by any other class, except, perhaps, the Italian school of assassins, who knife Presidents of France and Emperors of Austria. The recent story of the running away of Queen Victoria's carriage horses is a case in point. A young Aberdeen newspaper man happened to be cycling in the vicinity of Balmoral castle and rested in the cottage of one of the Queen's gamekeepers. While there he casually learned that the horses attached to the Queen's carriage had shied a day or two previously. In order that his chiefs might understand that he had a nose for news the young reporter scoured to the nearest telegraph office and wired the story of the Queen's miraculous escape.

The story had a fair number of frills at the start, and by the time it had reached London, Berlin and Paris its author could not have recognized the item, it was so hidden in decorations. The first news the Queen received of her narrow escape was at five o'clock on the same afternoon, when a telegram from her son, the Duke of Connaught, who had seen the report in the evening papers, wanted to know how his dear mother was after the terrible shock. The Duke's telegram was the precursor of hundreds of others literally from all parts of the world. The Governor-General of Canada spent \$5 in loyal congratulation and enquiry. The Viceroy of India spent more than double that amount. President McKinley spent \$7 in expressing his sympathy.

The telegraph office at Balmoral Castle was kept open all night and the wire worked duplex far into the next day. Queen Victoria has for years held reporters in detestation owing to the liberties they have so often taken with the Royal Family, but her feelings may be imagined when the whole world began wiring sympathy and requiring answers that cost altogether more than \$100 in one night. The Princess of Wales was at Copenhagen and a message of one hundred and fifty words had to be sent in reply to her alarmed enquiries.

It is said that Prince Max of Saxony, who has been appointed Bishop of Kulm, is the only person of royal blood now in holy orders. A few years ago the Prince suddenly resigned his commission as a cavalry officer in the German army, and betook himself to the cloister or seminary at Eichstatt, asking there for admission in order that he might study for the priesthood. His uncle, the King of Saxony, in vain urged him to give up his purpose. In the seminary he endured without complaint all the restrictions imposed by the rules, declining to be favored by any relaxation of discipline, even when his health was affected by the strain of unaccustomed privations. After leaving Eichstatt the Prince went to London as a missionary priest, laboring there in that part of the Whitechapel district where poverty most abounds. Having been raised to the office of bishop, he will soon, it is said, be elevated to the College of Cardinals. The last Imperial Prince holding the office of cardinal was Archduke Leopold of Austria.

Lord Ashburnham, the wealthy English agent of Don Carlos, manages also the affairs of the Princess Palatino, claimant to the thrones of Greece and Turkey; Princess Marie of Bavaria, who contests that of Naples; Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, who thinks herself entitled to that of England; and Queen Carola of Saxony, who claims the right to Sweden.

Harold Frederic, the special correspondent and novelist, is dead. He was comparatively a young man, aged only 42, and has passed over just when his abilities and influence were at their best.

"No," said the bedizened general, "it is unnecessary for me to make any statement. Everybody knows what I stand for." "Yes," hissed the aid, beneath his bated breath, "the photographer."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Gowns.

Handsome Duchess Satins, Brocades, Embroidered Chiffons and all over effects for Dinner, Reception and Evening Gowns

MILLINERY

French, Parisian and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES

SPECIAL—8 button length Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c., regular \$1.50. 2 clasp Gloves, Dressed Kid, \$1.00 and \$1.25, in all colors. 2 clasp Derby Gloves, in all colors.

EVENING GLOVES TO MATCH ANY COSTUME. MEN'S GLOVES A SPECIALTY

Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East

PANTECHNECA

WhiteChina
to Paint

On our "HALF PRICE" table we place all the ends of lines which we do not purpose reordering. The pieces are just as good as regular stock. If out of town send for a Catalogue.

116 YONGE ST.

Evening

Our new French selections include some of the most exquisite "Empire Fans" for evening wear—so small and so dainty. Those with steel ornamentation are irresistibly pretty.

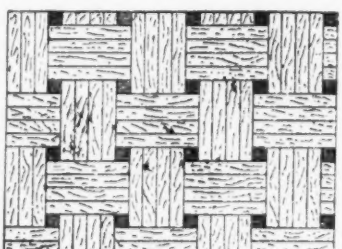
PRICES FROM \$3.00 TO \$20.00

Opera Glasses, too—our new styles from Lemaire, of Paris, are the best we have ever carried. There are Pearl, Fancy Leather and Decorated Enamelling, with and without handles.

PRICES FROM \$5.00 TO \$25.00

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.
TORONTO



...ONE of the antiquated ideas which cling to us is that

Carpets

must cover the whole floor and must be securely nailed to the edges, where they severely proceed to accumulate dirt (for inhalation by the members of the household) our

Parquet Floors

Have done much to dispel this idea, and while they are practically permanent do not cost more than the price of one good carpet.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The ELLIOTT & SON CO.
LIMITED

40 King Street East, Toronto

Chrysanthemums

Don't fail to provide a bouquet of your favorite colors for the...

Foot Ball Events

Dunlop's

Salesroom windows are bright with every tint of this autumn flower. Enquiries from out-of-town are answered with much pleasure.

5 King West

445 Yonge

GAS



GRATES
RADIATORS
HEATERS

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and
Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday, October 12, there was given at Hill Crest by Mrs. Samuel Leonard St. John and Miss St. John the smartest reception ever enjoyed in St. Catharines. It was given in honor of Mrs. Downey (nee St. John) of Chicago, and Miss Joanna E. Wood, the authoress. The day, which had been somewhat gloomy, cleared as the hour of four approached and the guests passed from crisp clear sunshine into brilliantly lighted rooms, lavishly decorated with flowers, palms and ferns. The curtains, mantels and chandeliers were draped in curtains of green mingled with glowing crimson. The refreshments were offered in the library, the table being done in pink and green, *La France* roses and *asparagus terribilis*. Hidden in the portico behind a barrier of palms a harp orchestra made a melodious obligato to the many voices. Mrs. Samuel Leonard St. John, her dark eyes smiling welcome beneath her crown of snowy hair, received. The soft white garniture of her black silk gown proved very becoming to her cameo-like features; Mrs. Downey, who assisted, was attired in *chene tuffeau*, in which green was the predominating color, and the bodice was elaborately trimmed in white satin; Miss Joanna E. Wood was gowned in yellow *noir* broadened with white, barred by black satin stripes, the bodice of yellow overlaid with yellow *mousseline de soie*, with ruchings of turquoise and girdle of yellow velvet. She wore very handsome ornaments and two red roses in her dark hair. There was considerable politely suppressed curiosity to see Miss Wood, already well known to St. Catharines people through her books. Too often the guest of the occasion is eclipsed by the *invites*, but Miss Wood was indisputably the belle of the *fete* given for her. Miss St. John, with a fitting phrase, an *apropos* word for everyone, gifted with the easy tact and *savoir faire* which makes a perfect hostess, received most gracefully. Her gown was of dull red silk striped with white *en bayadere* with *empeccement* of white satin, overlaid with gold net wrought with gold thread, and a long sash caught at the back by a byzantine buckle. Assisting in the drawing room were Miss Daisy Bate and Miss Kate Eccles Clark. Webb's people excelled themselves in the refreshment-room, their efforts being directed by six young ladies, led by Miss Edyth Louise Downey, whose *spirituelle* dark beauty was set off by a girlish gown of organdie and lace; with her were Miss Eccles, Miss Ida Woodruff, Miss Emily St. George Bate, Miss Bessie Clark, and Miss Constance Miller, the latter, by the bye, to be one of this winter's *debutantes*. Mrs. Samuel De Vaux Woodruff, very stately in black and diamonds; Mrs. Henry J. Taylor, Mrs. Henry Miller, and *petite* Mrs. John Theodore Groves were at the tea-table. The smart set of St. Catharines was present *en masse*.

On Wednesday evening, October 12th, at nine o'clock, St. Paul's church, Southampton, Ontario, was the scene of a very fashionable wedding, when Miss Stella Isabel, daughter of Mr. B. A. Belyea of that town, and Mr. Sextus E. Kent of Wingham were married. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. R. J. Seton-Adamson, in the presence of a large number of friends and guests. To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March the bride and groom, the maid of honor, Miss Edna Belyea, sister of the bride, was gowned in buttercup silk, with *mousseline de soie* overdress trimmed with *bebe* ribbon, a large white picture hat, and carried a large bouquet of yellow roses. Next came the charming and pretty bridesmaid, Miss Berta Belyea and Miss Belle Henderson of Toronto, cousin of the bride, gowned respectively in Nile green and cerise silk, with white *mousseline de soie* overdress trimmed with white *bebe* ribbon, wearing white picture hats, and carrying shepherd's crooks entwined with smilax and roses, and looped with green and cerise satin ribbon. They were followed by the flower-girl, Miss Olive Belyea, the *petite* sister of the bride, gowned in white India silk and carrying a basket of roses. The fair and graceful bride, gowned in an exquisite creation of ivory duchess satin, *en train*, entered the church, leaning on her father's arm. The bodice of the gown was veiled in *chiffon* and handsomely trimmed with pearl buckles and passementerie. The tulle veil was caught with a coronet of white jessamine, and the bride carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and maiden-hair fern. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Bell of Wingham, while Messrs. Campbell, Johns, McNamara and Vanstone acted as ushers. The bride's mother was tastefully gowned in green shot silk, with black velvet picture hat touched with cerise. After the ceremony a reception was held at Pinehurst, the picturesque home of the bride's parents. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome pearl pendant, and to the bridesmaids amethyst and opal rings. The bride went away in a gown of blue cloth, tailor-made, with blue toque. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Kent will make their home in Wingham.

Mrs. P. R. Corson (nee McPherson) will be at home to her friends at 207 Carlton Street on the first and third Thursdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon have removed from Wellesley street to 237 University avenue, where Mrs. Gordon and Miss Maud Gordon will be at home on Tuesdays after November 1.

The engagement of Miss Carrie Josephine Hackett of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Theodore A. Witzel of this city, both at present residing at Berwick Hall, Jarvis street, is announced.

A pretty geranium wedding took place in the church of the Sacred Heart, Rockwood, it being the marriage of Mr. T. J. Scanlon of Nelson, B.C., to Miss Minnie Lamb of Toronto. The bride looked lovely in white poplin, beautifully trimmed

with *crepe-de-chine* and ribbon. Her veil, which was of embroidered Brussels net, was caught up with white geraniums. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie Ryan of Georgetown, wore geranium red, trimmed with ribbon the same shade and yoke of white satin. She carried a large bouquet of red geraniums tied with white ribbon. Miss Kathleen Cummings as little maid of honor looked sweet in red, the same as the bridesmaid's, and carried a basket of red geraniums, also a bunch of white geraniums which she gave to the bride after the ceremony. Both attendants wore large black velvet hats trimmed with feathers and red geraniums. The groomsmen were Mr. P. J. Scanlon of Chicago, brother of the groom. The officiating priest was Rev. Father O'Loane, S.J. Miss Clarke of Toronto and Miss Fanny Lee of Rockwood sang a duet, which was beautifully rendered. During the offertory Mr. Frank Lee of Guelph sang The Holy City with fine effect. Miss Beatrice Cummings, the organist, played very well. The wedding breakfast was partaken of at The Beeches, the beautiful residence of Mr. John Cummings, uncle of the bride. The decorations throughout were of geraniums, and looked very lovely indeed. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. The guests were from Toronto, Hamilton, Georgetown, Guelph and Rockwood. Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon leave for their Western home on Monday with all good wishes from their numerous friends.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing* spent a couple of days in town this week, en route to Chatham.

Society at the Capital.

WEDNESDAY and Thursday of last week saw the meeting of the executive of the Women's Council, over which Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen presided for the last time. There were many delegates, representing as they did the different parts of Canada. From Toronto came Lady Thompson, Lady Edgar and her daughter, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings and Miss Cary; from the Maritime Provinces, Lady Tilley and Mrs. Archibald; and from old Quebec, Madame Dandurand, Mrs. Drummond and Madame Routhier. A service, conducted by Rev. Mr. Herdridge, was held in the chapel each morning before the opening of the session. The delegates met in the ante room to the Racquet Court. Luncheon was served at little tables in the ball-room, but the refreshing cups of tea which made their appearance at the regulation hour were brought in while the meeting was in progress. On Wednesday after lunch the delegates were invited to inspect the painting of Her Excellency, which hangs in the ball-room opposite that of His Excellency. It is by Mr. Funck of New York and, although the artist has failed to catch Lady Aberdeen's well known sweet smile, it is a very good likeness. Miss Wilson, who came out to Canada with Her Excellency as private secretary, has been offered the position of secretary of the Council. Miss Wilson for the past two years has had charge of the daughters of the King of Siam. On Thursday Her Excellency was presented with an address, a most artistic bit of work, from the National Council.

Mr. David Erskine, A.D.C., arrived in town this week from a lengthy visit to his home in Scotland. Miss Howland of St. John, N.B., a niece of Lady Tilley, is in town, the guest of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Toller, Chapel street. Mrs. Gordon Brown returned to town on Monday from Toronto, where she has spent the past fortnight. Mrs. Brown will spend the winter at Mrs. Sullivan's comfortable pension on Metcalfe street. Golf is the all-absorbing topic of interest just at present. The tournament, which has been in progress for some time, is to end this week. In the semi-finals, which are yet to come off, Mrs. Sydney Smith is to play against Miss Scott, and Mrs. Edward Grant against Miss Sweetland. Mrs. Newcombe and Miss Sparks were to have been the hostesses at the golf tea on Friday, but unceasing torrents of rain interfered and the many who love to gather in the cosy club room for tea were doomed to disappointment.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen, attended by Major Denison, Captain Sharp and Mr. Erskine, left on Tuesday for Kingston. Their Excellencies are to attend the convocation of Queen's University. In accordance with a promise of long standing, the Vice-Regal party will also visit Whitby, returning to the Capital on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Cockburn Clemow and Miss Lola Powell left on Tuesday for Toronto, where they will pay a visit of some weeks to Mrs. Somerville, the charming *chateleine* of Athelstone. Mrs. Somerville is to be the hostess at several functions in their honor.

Mr. Broderick, manager of the Molson's Bank here, was married in Chicago on Saturday to Mrs. Fred Macdougall, formerly of Ottawa, but who has more recently resided in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Allan Gilmour has returned from Kingston, where she was the guest of Mrs. W. D. Hendry.

The Earl of Ava arrived in town on Monday and during his stay will occupy rooms at the Victoria Chambers.

Lady William Seymour, wife of Lord William Seymour, Commander of the British Forces in North America, is expected in town next week on a visit to their Excellencies at Rideau Hall. Lady Seymour is a cousin of Lord Aberdeen on his mother's side.

A meeting of the executive of Ottawa Women's Historical Society was held at Mrs. Burbridge's house on Saturday. The only business done was the adoption of a constitution modeled on the lines of the Toronto Historical Society. Mrs. G. E. Foster is the president of the society and Lady Caron and Madame Lamotte the vice-presidents.

Lord and Lady Minto, it is said, are to be accompanied to Canada by Lady Sybil Beauclerk, daughter of the late Duke of

NASMITH'S
CHOCOLATE BON-BONS
Name on Every Piece
A sample package per mail, 10c. Mailed or expressed to any part of Canada, 60c. per lb.
The NASMITH CO., Limited - Toronto

Fownes' High Class Gloves
DURABILITY and RELIABILITY
Members of the Royal families demand Fownes' celebrated high class Kid Gloves.
This is a Guarantee of Their Worth
Two of their best lines are sold in Canada—the DAGMAR and PREMIER. Perfect shades, perfect fitting, perfect satisfaction.
RELIABLE DEALERS SELL THEM

ATTO
FINE MILLINERY
Items
Our display includes many of the most useful model productions from Parisian and New York designers.
Also artistic adaptations from the hands of our own trimmers.
The latest in large Black Velvet Hats, Fur-trimmed Toques, Traveling Hats, Walking Hats, Cycling and other special designs. A recent shipment includes a grand display of Infants' Head-wear in all fashionable kinds.
Complete assortments of Birds, Feathers, Buckles, Ribbons, Crowns, Velvets, Silks, Ribbons, Ornaments, Ospreys, &c.
Milinery by Mail
Through placing letter orders to this department in hands specially trained for their execution we are able to please the distant customer.
JOHN CATTO & SON
KING STREET
Opposite the Post Office, Toronto

JAY
The **Florist**
Cordially invites you to visit his premises
438 SPADINA AVENUE
where he has one of the finest floral conservatories in Canada
We cordially invite you to visit and see our splendid stock of Palms, Ferns and Flower-Plants.
GEO. W. COOLEY
Scotch and Irish Whiskies
Exshaw's Brandy
567 YONGE STREET
TELEPHONE 3089
MISS E. PORTER
Stationery Dept., Ladies' Work Depository
REMOVED
To 47 King Street West.
Newest lines of Stationery just arrived.
Visiting Cards, copper-plate \$1.00 per 100.
Afternoon Tea, At Home and Dinner Cards
ALWAYS IN STOCK

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
Caterers
for Weddings, Banquets, Receptions, and all classes of entertainments, in town or country.
Correspondence invited.
Catalogue free.
447 Yonge St., Toronto

IDEAL LUNCHEONS
The pretty bride-elect comes in for many forms of entertaining, and the bridesmaids' luncheon is one of the most popular.
It should be as pretty as possible, combining many sentimental touches, for what is a bridesmaids' luncheon without sentiment?
For the latest ideas in catering consult
GEO. S. MCCONKEY,
27 and 29 King St. West
Brown-Wallis, Grant, Martin, Stewart, and Messrs. St. John, O'Hara, Garneau, O'Brien, Panet, Smellie, Malloch, and many others.
Ottawa, Oct. 18, 1898.

DINEENS FURRIERS
1864 to 1898
We have the same impulse of sentiment which delights in observing anniversaries that most people have
And the same joyous desire to invite everybody to participate in our celebration that most people feel when they invite all their friends to a Birthday or Wedding Feast
On Saturday
We celebrate a double anniversary. And we are making such special preparations to entertain you and interest you in our efforts that we ought to have the pleasure of your visit on that day if you can make it possible to come.
Just 33 Years
In the fur business at the old corner, two blocks below where we are now.
To people who value both style and quality in furs this Anniversary Exhibition at the new store will prove an immensely interesting demonstration of the matchless values which a house can offer where all buying and selling is done with spot cash.
And Just One Year
In our handsome new building at 140 Yonge Street, corner Temperance.
is Furs
We shall display the richest collection of new styles that money, taste and the ambition to excel can possibly present on an occasion of this kind.
DINEENS
W. & D. DINEEN
The New Store 140 Yonge Street Cor. Temperance

1 1/2 lbs. Beef
Each one of those highest quality, handy little English soup squares contains the solid parts of 1 1/2 lbs. of the best beef, free from fat and bone. Each square makes 1 1/2 pints of rich, strong, nutritious soup.
Lazenby's Soup Squares
Best Grocers sell them.

25c. HOOPER'S MELODERMA
For Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, &c.
Try it after shaving. None superior—few as good.
HOOPER & CO.
43 and 45 King St. West
Phone 538. —YOU'LL GET IT AT HOOPER'S—
25c.

Kemp's
GRANITE and DIAMOND
steel enameled ware can be bought at almost any dealer's—each piece is guaranteed.
By finding these labels you're sure of wholesome, durable kitchen utensils, without paying anything extra for the certainty.
Isn't this worth remembering?
Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto.

Tidy the Florist
MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF
PALMS and FERNS
to choose from, something sure to suit you.
We fill your fern dishes from 50c. up.
Wedding orders can be shipped to any part of Canada.
Our stock of Roses was never better.
75 King Street West

Princess Skin Food
WHAT IT DOES
Removes lines and wrinkles, restores a withered skin, feeds the tissues, makes the soft, flabby muscles into good, firm flesh, and is very beneficial for poxmarks and scars. Directions how to massage the face accompany each pot. Price \$1.50, postpaid.
Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, etc., successfully treated. Best Manicuring in city. Send stamp for book, "Health and Good Looks."
GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
41 Carlton Street, Toronto—Tel. 1858

BETTER THAN EVER
Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at
304 King St. West.
Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out-of-town patrons who frequent this establishment.
Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. There is no doubt will be very popular, being run in the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c.; Evenings, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.

That Graceful Long Line of Bust
for which Calve is famous is the envy of many women. The numerous wearers of the
Victoria Corset
are successfully endowed with this charming elegance of form.
Besides stylish effect, the lightness of weight, and extreme durability of this beautiful Parisian model make it a great favorite, and the sales of "The Victoria" have been simply enormous.
Sold in All the Stores.
MANUFACTURED BY
The Crompton Corset Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO

PEMBER'S
FALL STYLES
IN
HAIR GOODS
Are the latest and most up-to-date, and that we can suit you and give better satisfaction than any other house is assured, for in seven years we have built up the largest BUSINESS in our line on this CONTINENT. Our prices for first-class goods cannot be equaled. Examine our styles and the texture of our goods, and you will be convinced that PEMBER'S is the best place to buy HAIR GOODS. HAIR DRESSING for Weddings, Dinners, Theaters, etc. TRIMMING, SINGING, SHAMPOOING, Bleaching and Hair Coloring. Scientific electric scalp treatment for the hair.
Treatment after Fevers, Alopecia and Eczema.
W. T. PEMBER
SCALP SPECIALIST
127-129 & 778 Yonge St., Toronto
Telephones—2275, 3533

Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dressing
For Balls, Soirees, Theater, Concerts, Weddings, Photos.
Our hair dressing is artistic and becoming and as necessary to the general appearance and effect as a nice dress. Appointments made. Telephone 228.
Ladies and Children's hair trimmed, singed and shampooed. Hair and scalp treated after fevers or illness.
Premature Gray Hair treated and restored to its original color. The hair can be curled, washed without affecting the color.
Superfluous Hair removed and destroyed, without injury to the skin, with "Capilline" solution. By conscientious and persevering treatment the strongest hair can be destroyed. Price \$2. Sent by mail to any part of Canada, extra.
Our Face Massage and Steaming treatment is the most natural and most beneficial of any facial treatment. It prevents wrinkles, blackheads, acne, etc., and stimulates a healthy action of the skin. Price per treatment \$1.60 tickets for \$5.
Manicure for ladies, children and gentlemen, 50c.
ARMAND'S HAIR and PERFUMERY STORE
411 Yonge, cor. Carlton, Toronto. Tel. 2498

SWITCHES
in all Lengths and Shades
BANGS
in all Shapes
WIGS
in every Style
WAVY FRONTS
in newest Designs
Our reputation is well known everywhere, and the satisfaction we have given in the past warrants the truth of our statement, that we can serve you better and cheaper than any house in America.
The DORENWOOD CO.
of Toronto, Limited
103-105 YONGE ST.
Be sure you are in Dorenwood's, between Adelaide and King Streets.

WEDGWOOD
A SELECTION OF THE
New Designs and Colors
IN
CHEESE STANDS
JUGS & TEA POTS
FLOWER BOWLS, &c.
WILLIAM JUNOR
Opp. Canada Life Building
39 King Street West
Toronto, Ont.

Lord Venetia.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

HE was a great banker. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand.

In his excuse it must be said that he was an hereditary blackguard. His grandfather had developed that exceptional capacity for depriving other people of their money on a large scale which the world invariably rewards with coronets.

The world, then, approved of him, and of all his family, who were as rich as he was, or richer, and who made as good use of their money as he did, collecting curios, patronizing every form of expensive amusement, and giving to the poor.

Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and everything. He was an English gentleman, as his father had been before him, and his—no. He had been educated at Eton and Christ church. He had traveled everywhere, and seen all things worth seeing, and he knew about all things worth knowing about. He had the best collection of armor and old fans in the country, and the best cook, and he would have had the best conservatories but that his brother had better. He was very happy and enjoyed life, being barely forty, and in perfect health. Of mornings he sat in his counting-house, making money without effort, hereditarily; the evenings he spent in society, entertaining princes, peers, priests, painters, poets—pooh!

He had married a lovely woman, his cousin. He adored her. More than once, as he looked across to where she sat at the head of his table, wearing his mother's world-famous diamonds, his mild blue eyes had filled with tears.

He sat watching her thus tenderly on this bitter cold December evening, which they were spending together alone—an unusual thing!—in the boudoir of the great house in Berkeley square. They had come up to town for a royal function, the opening of a vast home for decayed gentlewomen, which counted Lady Venetia amongst its most important patronesses. They were alone, then, in the exquisite boudoir, one of whose most trifling treasures would have been a year's annuity to a gentlewoman; and he sat considering contentedly how, after four years of marriage, she still was as handsome, and he still as fond of her, as when first their disconcerting alliance had been announced to a horde of suitors, male and female.

All through dinner she had been very silent, preoccupied all through the day. He would have fancied the function had tired her had she not seemed tired before it began. She sat looking into the fire, fair, delicate, too transparent against the unadorned white silk of her dress. These listless moods were growing upon her; he must make another effort to induce her to consult Sir Henry Parsons; often of late she had seemed like a woman whose thoughts were far away, and very sad.

"What is the matter?" he said, uselessly questioning, restless in his arm-chair.

"Nothing," she answered, motionless. "But you always say that," he continued, "and I do not believe you. Nobody would. Probably you do not know yourself. I do wish you would consult—"

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. He paused. A thick silence sank between them, unbroken but for an occasional crackle from the fire.

Presently he tried, aloud, to alter the current of their thoughts. "You have absolutely no jewels at all to-night," he said. "Nothing but your wedding ring."

"No," she acquiesced reflectively, and looked down at her hand. "Nothing but my wedding ring."

"It seems to me you wear them less and less."

"Yes."

"If you are tired of the old ones"—he laughed—"I must try and get you some new."

She did not answer. A moment later, with a swift gesture, she pointed to the evening paper, which had dropped against his feet.

"That is a miserable letter," she said. "What letter? Dearest, you are ill! Let me—"

"Sit down. I am not ill. That letter in the St. James's from a 'Decayed Gentlewoman,' relating how all her savings went in a bogus company."

"What bogus company?"

"I don't know. Does it matter?"

"No. That sort of thing happens daily. It is lamentable. Such people ought to stick to consols. What does she write to the papers about?"

"Decayed gentlewomen."

"Yes, yes, of course. She is grateful. Very natural. It is an admirable work."

"Grateful!" There was scorn, but there was also deep wretchedness, in Lady Venetia's voice. "She says it is right that the houses should be built by the people who provide occupants for them."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"She means me."

"You? Angela, you are talking in riddles. Does the letter-writer talk in riddles too?"

"You I do not care."

"Nor do I—much. The South American loans were of course—ours. The ruin of the bank was—ours."

"Ours?"

"The destruction of the whole family," she went on without heeding him—"ours."

"Does she say so—the liar!"

She rose from her chair, facing him. "Liar! Would to God she was!"

Suddenly he realized that a great sorrow threatened, was already upon him, the first, the supreme disaster of his life. It struck him through the one being he passionately loved. His wife's mind was giving way. She was ill indeed, and though, possibly, Sir Henry—

"Hush!" he exclaimed, with a ring of anxiety in his voice. "Hush, dear, you are too soft-hearted, too readily sympathetic. And you confuse things. The woman's accusation is outrageous, on the face of it. You and I are in no wise responsible for her imprudent investments. Everybody who has lost money invariably lays the blame to the bankers. You, as a banker's wife and a banker's daughter, should know better than to listen to such trash."

She sank back in her chair, not answering.

"We are rich," he continued, studying to keep his voice free from irritation, "you will have hard work indeed before you silence all detractors."

"Hard work indeed," she said, white still.

"Especially if no charge is too idiotic for you to heed it."

Again she looked at him, full in the eyes. "This charge," she said slowly, "this most idiotic of all, I have ceaselessly pondered since, some months ago, I first made it—to myself."

"Had you told me—"

"Would you have helped me to come to my conclusion—?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That it is true?"

"Angela!"

"No, not some months ago! It is years

since the idea first occurred to me, transitorily: it has come back from time to time, like a cold shadow across the sunshine of my life. I put it from me at first successfully, as an absurdity—as you do—I felt it to be an extravagance, I, a young girl, with all my home and family traditions, my father's authority, your example, the whole world's approving admiration"—she stopped, gasping for breath.

"Well, have these all changed?"

"But last spring the thing returned to me, and remained; it stopped me, standing right across my path, and would not be put aside. I recognized it at once, and I saw that this time all evasion was fruitless. I have faced it; I have studied its features—merciful God, I know it by heart!"

"This, then, accounts for your moodiness, your fits of depression! You have been worrying your poor little brains about problems you could not possibly understand!"

"Until I understood them."

"Folly! You assume too much, Angela—"

She rose up before him, superb. "I assume," she said, "to myself the right of continuing to suffer—the right of listening to a voice whose tormentings no effort of mine can still."

He quailed before her, his heart full of fondness, and in tones of entreaty. "Dearest," he said, "let us talk this matter over together. Let me help you. What is it that troubles you? What do you want?"

She threw herself down beside him in a torrent of tears. "Oh, help me!" she cried, "let us help each other!" She caught at one of his hands and kissed it.

"We shall want each other's help, Morris. I cannot. The food I eat chokes me. The jewels I wear strangle me. The gold that I seem to tread on burns beneath my feet. Hush, hush; I will be calm. I am quite well, as sane as you are. Do not flatter yourself, I entreat you, that this is any mental or nervous disorder a doctor could cure. I have thought it all out a hundred times, over and over again. Morris, we are thieves, plunderers, brigands. Oh, don't look at me like that! I'm not a Socialist, or a Communist, or a Radical. I haven't dabbled in politics. I know nothing about them, or the Social Question. I don't know what that means. I understand perfectly that there must be rich and poor

always, that there is righteous wealth and honest trading. But not ours—not ours—the Church is right!"

"Ah," he burst out, "I might have thought that some proselytizing fanatic—"

She stopped him.

"No," she said, "what have you and I to do with churches? But the other day, by chance, in the midst of my perplexities, I came across this statement, that the Christian Church has, through all ages, refused to admit the trade in money as a legitimate means of gain. I understand. The Papacy, you have always told me, is very careful as to what it condemns or approves. Have you not always told me that?"

"Yes—but—"

"It has condemned, through all the ages, our banking as dishonest, as a trade that no Christian should follow. What is that to us? It is but an argument that I clutched at in passing. I don't need it as an argument. My arguments are here!"

She struck her breast, lying against his knees, her hands, and her eyes, one appeal!

"Let me hear them," he said desperately, looking away.

"I know there must be a certain amount of money-lending and changing, credit, and deposit, and bills of exchange, and that sort of thing. Am I not a Rialto as well as yourself? I have been brought up amongst these matters, I know. But not our way!"

He turned on her. "Our way is that of the Rialtos," he exclaimed; "we have never had another way. Am I not one of the partners? What on earth do you mean? You know nothing about it. Nothing at all."

"Yes, our way is the way of the Rialtos," she said. She rose to her feet. "It is that I complain of. Ours is not the decent trade—hardly honorable perhaps, yet scarcely dishonorable either—of the small local banker, the inevitable go-between—we, the great money lords, the monopolists of capital, the manipulators of millions—I don't know whether I'm saying it right."

"Oh, quite right," he said, "go on!"

"You know what we do—oh, you know! Under false names we start companies all the world over, companies that we never expect to pay—or, better still, we ruin the undertakings that others have started, and when they are ruined, we buy them up. They pay then! They pay then!"

"Is that your entire conception of our business?"

"No. Would that it were! 'Never consider any capitalist too small to be worth crushing!' How often have I not heard my father say that at home. You, Morris, you do not say it—"

"It is a maxim of the house," he replied uncomfortably, "a rule of business, not a personal opinion at all. Finance is war: it is a question of hereditary tactics towards a traditional end. You talk as if a general were an assassin, because he burnt an enemy's town."

"War!" she cried. "No! war has its code of honor, at least it had when kings, and not money-lenders, made it. War? No, ours is brigandage—no, not brigandage—that is open and honest—a risk for a risk. Ours is safe pillage, protected by the laws that have built up Snobbery on self-interest, sure plucking of pigeons and plundering of bees' nests, by slow force and swift fraud. You yourself remember how you told me, only a fortnight ago, that the head of a business you had smashed had applied for a clerkship in ours."

"We gave it him."

"You gave it him! And his daughter wrote me a letter and told me she would not eat our bread. She had left her father's house and got a situation as a servant."

"She was young. Her father was the wiser of the two."

"What would you have?" he cried fiercely, brought to bay. "These things are inevitable, I tell you—they are part of the game. If we talked like this, we should have to stop business altogether. One man can't gain without another man's losing. You can't have the biggest diamond in the world and the Duchess of Sangrail have it too."

She drew still farther away from him.

"No, no," she said wearily, putting her hand to her tired eyes, "one man can gain without another's losing. It isn't the same, I feel it isn't, though I can't explain as I wish I could. An India merchant, for instance, or a cloth manufacturer, or the inventor of a new process—these have a right to their thousands. But we—we, with our millions—our trade is money-getting only—we, to make profits—by libels, and lies of all sorts, and Stock Exchange rumors, and political wire-pullings, we must ruin other men that we may step into their shoes. Our trade is the ruining of other men! The ruining of other men—nothing else!"

"It isn't true," he said; "our trade is the foundation of capital."

"For others?" she laughed. "You very rarely speak to me about the business, Morris, but you gave me to understand once yourself, last winter, that you had paid a South American Minister one million francs to make a false statement in his Parliament, and that you had cleared three millions by the transaction."

"I could cut out my tongue," he said. As he spoke a domestic, an old butler, came into the room with a tray. Lord Venetia broke out angrily, ordering him to be gone.

"I will ring, Collins," said Lady Venetia gently. She went across and, lifting the drapery, made sure that the door had closed behind the retreating servant. Then she came back to the fire and, almost in a whisper—

"In the South of China," she said, "when those terrible massacres were taking place—we could have stopped them with a word."

He did not answer.

"How much did we make by not stopping them?"

"Angela! Oh, my God, Angela, I love you! I love you so!"

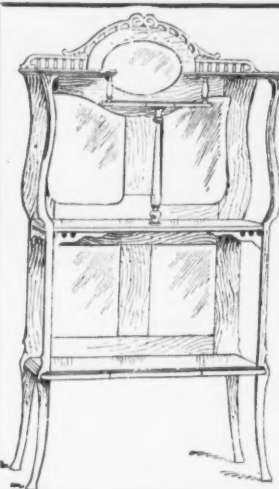
She threw out her arms to him, wide open, waiting. "Thank God," she cried,

THIS IS AN AGE OF REASON

And the keener the competition the sharper becomes human logic. Paint your name on the moon and get noticed, but if you want to get lasting public support on any line of goods you "must" give all-round better value than your competitors. This is (in a nutshell) the sole, whole and only reason of the success of the Tea that revolutionized the trade.



The Delight of All Tea Consumers.
Sealed Lead Packets Only—35c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



Stylish Furniture For Stylish Folks

MILLER & KENT

No drawing-room is considered complete nowadays without a handsome Cabinet. We have many attractive and exclusive designs to select from, and it is amazing how much beauty and dainty elegance a reasonable outlay will procure here.

These prices will explain rapid sale:

PARLOR CABINET—In Birch, mahogany finish, highly polished, 30 inches wide, 34 inches high, fitted with five plate mirrors, as cut **\$8.50**
Other designs at \$10.50, \$11.75, \$13.50, \$17.50 to \$25.00.

New designs in Fancy Parlor Cabinets and Tables, Rockers, Music Cabinets, Divans and Odd Chairs, Window Seats and Cossy Corners.

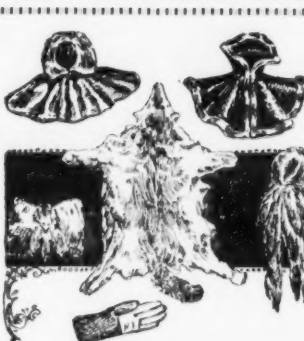
"Estimates furnished for re-upholstering."

MILLER & KENT HOUSEFURNISHERS AND UPHOLSTERERS
231-233 YONGE STREET Tel. 814

"Thank God for that! We can bear everything together—can we not? Even the worst."

"Surely," he said, uncertain.

"See! the other day—no, it was this morning—it seems so long ago; it was this morning—as we were going into the 'Homes'—I had stepped back a moment: you had passed on without noticing—a working-man in the crowd said: 'That's Venetia! Don't I wish I was him!'"



Stylish Rich Furs

At Moderate Prices.

Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have appreciated the announcement of the issuing of our new Catalogue B, and requests for them have already run into the hundreds. At the present time through it we have sold more furs out of town than during the same period in any season for years. People have learned to their own satisfaction that the name Lugsdin and good furs are synonymous, and that distance is no barrier to perfect service whether in buying a garment from stock or having one made specially to order.

If you have not asked for one of our new Catalogues, drop a card for one. It is a comprehensive price list and style book of all kinds of fur garments, from the simplest little German Otter Ruff to the handsome Seal Driving Sacque at \$250.00.

People at home are invited to our showrooms to a view of the handsomest collection of furs it has been our pleasure to exhibit. Styles always right, the quality of furs always dependable, linings and trimmings the best—workmanship the acme of perfection.

J. & J. Lugsdin

(J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.)

122 YONGE STREET

Cut Glass

A big shipment of new cuttings in the American glass opened up this week, comprising Fruit Bowls, Salad Bowls, Jelly Dishes, Bon-Bon Dishes, Sugars and Creams, Decanters, Water Pitchers and a lot of other useful articles. Prices start at \$2.50

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING
49 KING EAST

EPPE'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 7 lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPE & CO., Limited, Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPE'S COCOA



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Rice's Pure Salt

REST FORTABLE, DAIRY AND FARM

HAVE YOU INSURED Your Health

BY PROCURING

Jaeger's Underwear

this season? Every garment for ladies, men and children.

DEPT. . . . 85 KING STREET WEST

Get Price List. Call and see goods.

Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales



"It is well known that the Princess of Wales received increased strength from Vin Mariani."

LONDON COURT JOURNAL, JAN. 12, 1895.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY and so JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the Famous French Tonic for Body, Nerves and Brain

FOR OVERWORKED MEN, DELICATE WOMEN, SICKLY CHILDREN

Vin Mariani is endorsed by the medical faculty all over the world. It is specially recommended for Nervous Troubles, Throat and Lung Diseases, Dyspepsia, Consumption, General Debility, Malaria, Wasting Diseases and La Grippe.

Sold at all Druggists.

Refuse Substitutions.

Vin Mariani Gives Strength

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA:

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., 87 St. James St., Montreal

Maypole Soap Dyes

make Home dyeing a pleasant task—pleasant, because they yield a brilliant color and a perfect shade without mess or trouble.

They wash and dye at one operation. The colors are as true as steel in their fastness.

No streaks—no crocking. Easy to use—quick—safe. You take no chances whatever with them.

10 cents for any color (black 15 cents) of best druggists and grocers.

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil.

They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Corset Flushing

No wonder corsets flush when "flushing" is mere sham. Genuine flushing is done by hand and the silk stitches—show both out and inside. Examine any ordinary corset and you find silk "flushing" on the outside and cotton stitches on the inside. Of course such work is only imitation of the real hand work that tells in the durability of a corset. The celebrated French, tailor cut, hand-sewed, light spring steel boned corset, the

P. D.

is a hand—"flushing" corset. It is the lightest, strongest, most comfortable, most fashionable and best corset made. In all sizes and for all figures. \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

Don't have to.

To dress well one don't have to buy a new suit of clothes or a new mantle every season. Let us look over your last season's suit or coat. We will likely be able to dye or clean it and make it spick and span again. And the cost is very little.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners Head Office & Works: 287-291 Yonge St. Toronto. Branches: 39 King St. West, 301 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1357 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East. Phones: 3537, 3610, 2143, 1004, 5688.

WHIRLWIND— CARPETS TAKEN UP, CLEANED, AND RE-LAID. Cor. Bloor and Manning Avenue. Phone 5530 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor

Colman's Salt THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

"Of course. Did not I tell you so? You are surrounded by an inevitable circle of envy. If you are going to pay attention to it, and to every slander it utters—"

"His companion said: 'Not I. I'd rather be dying of starvation than eat that man's bloodstained bread.'"

"Pah!" he exclaimed, paling.

"It was the companion had the better face. I don't know what more they said."

"Well, it's only Chinese blood!" he cried, maddened, not thinking his own words.

He hardened her immediately. "Even that statement is incorrect," she said coldly. "Our daily bread is daily soaked with blood and tears from every quarter of the globe."

"I wonder you can eat it," he exclaimed.

In a low voice, whose every tone rang clear, she answered: "I cannot." Nothing stirred. A piece of wood rolled forward on the fender with a crash. Then the silence held its breath.

"It is this that is killing me," continued Lady Venetia. "Morris, I can't live by theft any longer. I must eat honest food."

In the pause that followed she shrieked aloud. "Morris, you will go with me! Say you will go with me, my husband! We will escape from this wretchedness and wickedness! We will break away from it together! Morris, I too, I love you—you know it—more than anything else on earth!"

"If you love me, Angela—as I know you do—you will listen to me; you will allow yourself to be influenced by reason. You will believe me when I tell you that you cannot understand about these matters. And you will at last consent to see Sir Henry Parsons."

"And take pills," said Lady Venetia scornfully. "There is but one pill would cure me, Morris. I shall never take it, or I should have taken it long ago. I do not know what has brought out all this talk to-night. I am so glad, so glad. There is peace at last, comparatively, in having spoken. The worst is over now? What can the rest matter? You will go away with me somewhere, will you not?"

"Anywhere you like, Angela. We will take the yacht."

"Away from it all, I mean. We can stay in London, if you prefer, as long as only we get away from it. But some other place would surely be better, outside Europe, where nobody knows us. As long as we get away. I will do anything you like, Morris—anything. I am strong. I can work. I will never complain of any hardship, as long as only we get away."

"From what?—it?"

She drew herself up—before the first oath she had ever heard him utter.

"From the money," she said, and stood still.

He laughed.

"We must understand each other," she continued; "I cannot eat it any longer, this bread that is earned by crime."

He laughed again, the tears in his eyes.

"Cake," he said bitterly, "cake."

"I want to do whatever I can," she pleaded, her words falling soft as falling snow. "I will do anything; I repeat it. Anything you wish me to do. But, only, don't expect me to stay among this"—her hand swept across the splendors of the boudoir—"for I can't."

"And how about staying with me?" he said.

She understood, in that moment, the hopelessness of her struggle. "You will come with me," she stammered, tottering, pale to the lips.

"I will go wherever you wish: I will do whatever you like."

"We will go out from here as honest beggars to earn an honest livelihood." He was silent. "My God! you will do right!"

she gasped, hoarse with the passion of her yearning. "My husband, my husband! I did wrong to distrust you. You understand now. You had never thought of it before. We will expiate our long crime before God. In time, perhaps, He will pardon us the massacred thousands of China, the wrecked homes here in Europe, in America—the suicides which were murder, the broken hearts—"

She stopped and, sobbing, covered her face with her hands.

"I will do anything you like," he repeated, "but you must give me time. These things are not done in a day. And first you must recover your normal health. You must go through some course of medical treatment, and if, after that, your resolve remains the same—"

"You would lock me up in an asylum!" she cried.

"No, by Heaven!" and now his voice faltered. "Angela, have we wandered as far apart as this?"

"I suppose so," she said sadly, putting back the wet hair from her cheeks.

"Morris, the explanation has come. Let us at least, in all the misery, be grateful for that. I am going. Now that I have spoken what is in my heart, I could not remain another night under this roof. You would scorn me for doing so. The beds that we lie on—the breakfast they will bring us to-morrow morning—these have been paid for with money that was stolen! Once I have said this, you would despise me for touching them."

"You have touched them long enough," he replied faintly.

"That is a very natural gibe, or, rather, from your lips let me deem it a reproach. Hundreds will repeat it as an insult. Long enough indeed! Morris, did I not love you more—more than I ought to, I?"

—she halted—"I should not have taken so long."

"Love me!" he exclaimed angrily.

"That is an insult! Do not dare to speak of love, you, who abandon your husband, your home, your kindred, everything you ought to honor—abandon them, insult them, revile them! Love!"

She held out both her hands. "Come!" she said.

"Will you tell the whole world what you think of us?"

"Come!" she said.

"You know a good deal; are you not one of us—a Rialto? Tell about the Brazilian Finance Minister and about the Chinese massacres. Fough, these are trifles!" In his rage and despair he

turned upon himself and rent his own bosom. "As you say, I have seldom spoken to you about the business. I could tell you a great deal more—a great deal more—for you to tell the world!"

"Come!" she said.

He threw himself back in his chair, staring at her.

She dropped her arms. "I shall tell nothing," she said, and her voice, still very low, had entirely changed its tone. "I shall go somewhere and hide myself. I don't know where. It has all come so suddenly. For weeks I knew it must come, yet I never thought it would. Don't trouble about me, Morris. I shall go right away where nobody knows me. I feel sure I can teach music and singing. I shall wait for you, Morris, and some day you will come out to me, out of the slough of treachery and robbery, with hands that, like mine at this moment, are empty and clean!"

She turned and walked with a slow step towards the door.

From under the chair she had deserted her little dog, a King Charles, rushed out and ran after her. She paused to gather it in her arms, and, still fixing one last, lingering look on her husband, lingeringly drew away into the distance and, with the dog at her bosom, went forth.

As the door clicked slowly into its lock, Lord Venetia cried out amid the stillness: "The dog!"

Then silence deepened upon the empty room. The fire had burnt itself nearly out with sluggish glow; the steady lamps shone dull.

The master of the house sat silent through the silence. He sat immovable, gazing into the dying fire. Then, all at once, he realized that his solitude was broken in upon; that the door gaped wide open, that the butler stood before him, fluttered, in great perturbation—

"My Lord—his Royal Highness!"

Lord Venetia sprang to his feet, and before the servant's horrified amazement—

"Tell him to go to the devil!" he cried.

—Illustrated London News.

A Canadian Youth.

Wallaceburg Herald.

As a striking instance of the lack of respect and good manners which is a leading characteristic of the youth of the present day, we give the following incident, which was witnessed by the writer the other day. A local clergyman was passing a couple of well dressed school-boys, when a lad of about twelve years, addressing the reverend gentleman, said, "Good day, Mr. —; how are you?"

The minister acknowledged the kindly salutation by replying, "Quite well, thank you; and how are you?" The boy answered, "Oh! not too rotten." The lad did not do this offensively, nor did it cause any surprise to his companion. It was his usual answer to such an enquiry. He was not a street arab, but the son of a well-to-do citizen, and his intention was simply to give the clergyman a cordial greeting.

What the latter thought about it can only be conjectured, but he has possibly become accustomed to the Canadian boy and his peculiar ways.

"Even in China woman is rapidly supplanting man." "How do you make that out?" "Haven't you noticed that the man behind the throne is a woman?"

—Chicago Evening Post.

"I had to let my French lessons go." "Why was that?" "They were simply ruining my golf accent."—Chicago Record.



Imperial Oxford RANGES

Only Found in the New

Imperial Oxford RANGES

You can pull forward all the contents of the oven—attend to the baking, etc.—and see just how things are doing in a good light.

This rack always remains horizontal—it never sags—no matter what is resting on it.

Think how much this one feature only will add to your comfort—then see for yourself the many other improvements offered by this grand new range.

We have agents in every locality who will make you welcome.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

TORONTO.

Bond's Soap Will

Write or call for sample at Bond's Soap Agency, 1 St. Helen Street, Montreal, and 18 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Poor George!

At the English-Canadian cricket match: George—By jove, Alice, what a splendid hit! Well done, old boy! Right on the pavilion.

Alice—Yes, dear, splendid indeed. But what's he running for? I hope he hasn't broken a window.

Our Own Cannibals.

Pick-Me-Up.

We have scoffed at the cannibal oft and again.

Who dined upon Fiji's white shore, We have pictured the victim's distress and his pain.

When the children sent up for some more.

But are we in England much better than this,

Should we not an improvement seek here,

And we might at young Clancy most thoroughly hiss,

For he's lived on his aunt for a year.

Tommy—Paw! Paw—Well! Tommy—Why can't a man be right and be President, too?—Puck.

The Sprangles have been boasting a long time about their horseless carriage. It turns out to be only a baby's perambulator. —Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Noar—Do you think my daughter will be a musician? Professor—I gant say. She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived famly.—New York Weekly.

"Oh, yes, she leads him a dog's life," said the pretty young woman. "Fondles his nose and pinches his ears, I suppose," replied the man at her side.—Cleveland Leader.

"I may be a hard drinker," said Tapley with dignity, "and perhaps I show facial traces of it; but I'll have you to know, sir, that I am no Cyranos de Bergerac." —Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Quizzly—Why, General, you don't seem to like to see ladies kiss each other!

It is a Combination Sure to Win

Ludella CEYLON TEA

BEST QUALITY. BEST PRICES.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c

TO KEEP OUT THE COLD



Changeable Weather

throws the human machinery out of gear and renders it more susceptible to prevalent ailments.

After a "muggy" period the first cold day "strikes home," unless the system is well fortified by strengthening stimulative nourishment, of which the most perfect form is

Bovril

BOVRIL, Limited

30 Farringdon Street, London, England

25 & 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada

Return this advertisement to us with 2-cent stamp and we will send you WHONHART'S GREAT WAR PUZZLE. We are offering \$100.00 for the solution of this puzzle. W.

DRY ROYAL Has an enormous sale in England

Suits all tastes and all purses

The London Medical Record says: "We can bear testimony to the excellent quality of Messrs. Ackerman's

DRY ROYAL CHAMPAGNE

It is as pure, wholesome and exhilarating as the most expensive, whilst it can be obtained for about HALF THE COST.

To be had from MICHIE & CO., Toronto

AGENTS - J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. - MONTREAL

General Oldbeau—The result of a military education, madam. I never like to see good ammunition wasted.

"Mr. Gizley seems to be a very deep thinker," remarked the impressionable young woman. "Yes," replied Miss Cyrenne; "he can't talk five minutes without getting away beyond his depth." —Washington Star.

He—If I give you some candy you might get the toothache, like you did last week. She—Why, you get a toothache yourself from eating candy. He—Well, mamma wouldn't want both of us to have a toothache together.—Puck.

"How is your son Jack getting along, Mrs. Spriggins? Is he rising in the world?" "Rising? Well, I guess he is," said the old lady. "Why, he began last year as a chiropodist, and now he's a barber."—Harper's Bazar.

"How did they come to marry?" "She saw his picture and resolved that he was the man to whom she would intrust her future." "I didn't know she was romantic." "She isn't. His picture was on an advertisement for a business that must be realizing enormous profits."—Washington Star.

"There is one queer thing about Havana," remarked the observant boarder to the cross-eyed boarder. "You allude to Blanco, I presume," remarked the cross-eyed boarder. "No; I allude to the fact that we get at the colonels without shell-ging the city."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Weary Willie (politely)—Do you take summer boarders here, ma'am? Mrs. Farmer (suspiciously)—No, sir; we do not. Weary Willie—Den I guess I'll trouble you for a bite to eat. I'm a little pertickler on de grub question and can't stand de stuff dey feed to summer boarders no how. —Judge.

Good Times Coming.

Under the use of Scott's Emulsion all the organs and tissues take on new life. The mind acts with more vigor, the heart beats stronger and the blood is greatly enriched.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



Fashion dictates

from three centers—Paris, London, Berlin, and fashion stamps Priestley's Black Wool, Figured Fabrics as correct in style and originality of design, this season. But that is not all—for fineness of texture and durability of weave.

Priestley's

Black Wool Figured Fabrics

in large and small designs, Matalasse effects, Armures and Pebble Cloths are unequaled. Ideal in their draping qualities. Chic and stylish in the effects they yield.

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses Everywhere



Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We are direct importers and sole agents for two of the leading English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co.

651-653 YONGE ST.

Cleanse Everything but Morals
Polish Everything but Manners
Brighten Everything but Ideas
Burnish Everything but Thoughts

Will not wash clothes.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Delivered in Toronto, per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 11 TORONTO, OCT. 22, 1898. [No. 49]

THE DRAMA

THE DEVIL is an engaging fellow, so handsome, clever, polite and such captivating ways—in fact, he is the very devil of a fellow. For twelve years Mr. Lewis Morrison has been playing the devil—in a theatrical sense—and judging from the houses at the Toronto this week, the arch-enemy of man is more popular than ever.

Poor devil! It is to be hoped that his skin is thick. He gets a lot of uncalculated abuse from us; we shift our blame. He is the scapegoat of mankind. On his shoulders is placed the responsibility for the sins of the world. At his door we lay all our follies and vices. He is charged with being the instigator of all our crimes and offences. He is said to be the father of lies; necessity, being the mother of invention, is, I suppose, the other parent. He is the cunning foe that lies in wait to tempt us, all unwilling, from the path of rectitude. Left to ourselves, we of course would walk circumspectly, glancing neither to the right nor left, but the devil tempts us. We climb over the fence into the forbidden orchard, not because we want the fruit—no such depraved excuse as that—but the devil tempted us. We were propelled by a will stronger than our own. We were weak; that was all. God give us strength—but wait until we have eaten the apples. What a convenient devil! He relieves us of the painful necessity of doing right for right's sake. We do right for fear of the devil or to spite the devil, if no better reason offers. Without him how could we explain the misery, sin and misgovernment of the world? Possibly we might have to acknowledge that our own ignorance, stupidity and folly were the causes of the world's unhappiness. Possibly we might acknowledge that we do wrong sometimes, not from the influence of a supernatural power, but because it is easier or pleasanter, or perhaps because we honestly do not believe it is wrong. We make foolish laws and conventions, and then when natural instincts rebel we call it the promptings of the devil and pray to be freed from temptation. Ignorance is the chief enemy of mankind, and when it is done away with there will be no such thing as the devil. But unfortunately that allegorical gentleman has a long life still before him.

Faust at the Toronto this week, in which Mr. Morrison is so successful as Mephisto, has drawn the best houses of the season. It is a sample of the high-class attraction which Mr. Small is endeavoring to bring to his house this season, and is not usually played at popular prices.

Turned Up, the farce at the Princess this week, affords an excellent medium for the company presenting it to take a well earned rest. It is the lightest and most frivolous concoction imaginable, is but of three acts, and short ones at that. The waits between are extraordinarily long, so that it is a good restful play all round. There is very little in it otherwise one way or another. There is some fun of the boldest kind, but the humor is not high. The company need a rest, however, and it serves. A stock company does an immense amount of work in getting up a fresh play every week; two performances a day, and rehearsals for the next week morning and night, must use up a vast amount of nervous energy and necessitate great mental strain. It means that waking hours are working hours and sleeping hours are few. Last week was an unusually hard one and the Cummings Company can be forgiven for taking it easier this.

The Cummings Stock Company will next week present at the Princess Theater a splendid production of Jim the Penman, a powerful play of unusually strong human interest and much dramatic intensity. It is one of the best stories of life that has been written for the stage, and in the hands of the Cummings Company should prove another very strong attraction. The cast will be one of the greatest strength, including Mr. Ralph Stuart, who will appear in the title role, James Ralston. This is said to be another of Mr. Stuart's favorite roles. Mr. Robert Cummings appears as Redwood, Mr. Kingston as Barou Hartfeldt, Mr. Barry O'Neil as Percival, Miss Florence Stone as the Wife, a powerful role, with the full strength of the balance of the company in the minor roles. The best production of Jim the Penman yet given in Toronto is promised, and as the play is well known and popular here it should prove another big drawing card.

The run of the Royal Italian Opera Company at the New York Casino lasted exactly a week. The singers refused to

go on the stage on Monday night until they were paid their salaries, which were not forthcoming. Mr. H. E. Blair of Cincinnati, the "angel" of the company, declared he had enough and refused to hand over any more cash. The company had been losing money at a tremendous rate. For instance, the gross receipts at the Casino for the week were \$1,700 and the rental alone \$3,000. Mr. A. E. Harris, who brought the company to America last season, is looking for another backer. Torontonians can now understand why the engagement at the Grand Opera House this week was cancelled.

That droll comedian, Dan Daly, who was last seen in Toronto in The Lady Slavey, is again playing the leading comedy part in the American production of The Belle of New York, now on tour. The elongated Daly is just as funny and active as ever, although it is scarcely a year since his obituary appeared in the New York papers, a premature announcement of his death having been made at the time of the accident that befell him on a Boston stage. After the apologies for the appearance of this notice it was given out that Daly was disabled for life and a benefit entertainment, netting him \$4,000, was given him in the metropolis. A fortnight later he was back in harness.

The master mechanic with Lewis Morrison at the Toronto Opera House this week is Albert Brown of this city, who has held that position with Faust for some years. Brown spends his summers in this city, and holds—or should hold—several medals for rescuing drowning persons in Toronto Bay. Selby Tapsfield, the property master with the same company, is also an old Toronto boy. Mrs. Selby Tapsfield is the amusing Martha of the play.

Metcalfe in New York Life says that "without undue enthusiasm, it may be said that Cyrano de Bergerac is the greatest dramatic accomplishment of our century." He praises Richard Mansfield, says he has not space to discuss the others in the cast, "but it would be unjust not to give a word of credit to Miss Anglin for a pleasing and intelligent portrayal of Roxane."

The educated theatrical taste of the New York public is being regaled just now with pieces bearing such choice titles as The Mock Turtle, Hotel Topsy Turvy, On and Off, A Day and a Night, Hurly Burly, Way Up East, Yankee Doodle Dandy, and Sir Andy de Bootjack. All are playing at supposedly reputable theaters, too. What are we to ultimately expect from a civilization such as this?

The Nancy Hanks will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week. Frank Tannehill, Jr., the author of the piece, plays the leading role, and in Montreal, where the piece is being played this week, the production is highly praised by the newspapers. It was seen at the Grand last season, but will now be put on at the Toronto at popular prices.

Lewis Morrison's advance man is authority for the statement that the ship scene in Devil's Island, the play built on the celebrated Dreyfus case, is the most wonderful effect ever put upon the stage in this country. The ship is seen in the distance and comes slowly into view, head-on to the audience, finally reaching the footlights full size as the curtain falls.

Edward J. Henley, the actor, who died near Boston on Sunday last, played with Mme. Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Katharine Clemmons. He also gave a thrilling performance in a puerile piece called The Black Mask, which had also Julia Arthur in the cast, at Union Square Theater, New York.

Mr. E. H. Sothern's season at the Lyceum Theater, New York, closes on November 19. The Adventure of Lady Ursula is still the bill, but it is to be changed a week from Monday night to a new play of continental times entitled The Old Love and the New, by Abby S. Richardson and Grace L. Furness.

Hobart Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven have nearly completed a satirical comedy to be called The Manners of Good Society, and it is practically assured that Julia Marlowe will be seen in the first joint production of the well known novelist and equally well known composer.

Clyde Fitch, author of The Moth and the Flame, and Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, have signed a contract whereby the next play upon which Fitch is to set to work is to be produced by Julia Marlowe. It will probably be ready for the star the beginning of next season.

Robert Hilliard, who has been playing the leading role in Sporting Life, the latest New York melodramatic success from England, has quit the company and gone back to vaudeville. Mr. Hilliard is well known in Toronto. He is a clever light comedian.

The theatrical companies are working the patriotic game for all it is worth. In Col. Haverly's big minstrel show, for instance, the setting for the first part represents the deck of the battle-ship Olympia, and the finale is in celebration of Dewey's victory at Manila.

In an interview at Birmingham the other day Sir Henry Irving said that he and Ellen Terry were both looking forward to another visit to America, when he hoped to bring some new plays with him, notably Richard II. and Sardou's Robespierre.

It is said that in the version of The Three Musketeers, which Mr. Sydney Grundy has written for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, especial stress is laid upon the love passages between the Duke of Buckingham and the Queen.

Shamus O'Brien, the beautiful Irish opera, by Villiers Stanford, is to be produced in Germany shortly. The first performance will take place in Breslau under

the management of Dr. Loewe, who has provided a German translation.

A Berlin report says that it would not be surprising to see Lillian Russell on the vaudeville stage after her return to the United States, for the Wintergarten, where she appears, is an establishment corresponding to Koster & Bial's of New York.

Gloriana, which we announced last week as this week's attraction for the Princess Theater, was withdrawn by Mr. Cummings on rehearsal and Turned Up was substituted.

James K. Hackett, the son of the famous actor of that name, and an accomplished performer himself, is starring in the Tree of Knowledge. He intends to try two new plays later.

Ferris Hartman, the California actor who came to the Grand a couple of months ago in The Pursuer, has closed his starring tour, which is an euphemistic way of saying that the piece has gone to smash.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the English composer, is said to be writing an opera on the subject of Dickens' Cricket on the Hearth.

Haverley's Minstrels are to be at the Grand for the last three days of next week. The house will be dark first half of the week.

Mr. Otis Skinner, who appeared in Toronto twice last season in Prince Rudolph, is leading support for Mr. Joseph Jefferson this season.

The Christian, by Hall Caine, is a melodrama of undeniable merits, but nothing greater than that. Unless played by conscientious artists it would be full of rant.

It is suggestive that the newly-named Dewey Theater in New York should be given over exclusively to burlesque.

The Bostonians have secured a new opera, entitled Ulysses, which will be rehearsed while the company is in Boston.



The four senior Rugby clubs—Hamilton, Ottawa and the two Toronto teams—having concluded the unseemly row with the Rugby Union by humiliating that organization as completely as could have been wished, resumed play last Saturday, and the games were better than those of a week earlier because the teams that nearly correspond in strength were pitted against each other. The Ottawa and Hamilton teams, which won with their hands in their pockets from Osgoode and the Argonauts, met at Ottawa, and the local teams came together on the Bloor street grounds. Ottawa defeated Hamilton in a very hard-fought game by a score of 9 to 1, and Osgoode defeated the Argonauts by 19 to 0. It is appalling to try to imagine what Ottawa will do with the Argonauts. Perhaps, after all, it is rowing that accounts for the quality of Rugby the oarsmen put up—in rowing they travel backwards and in football they have, so far at least, followed the same direction, back, back on their own goal, with or against the wind, and if it were possible to score backwards as they do in pedro the team would no doubt have piled up a good figure in the hole. The friends of the club, however, say in their defence that all the players in the team are legitimate members of the rowing club and not a lot of men got together by ransacking the city, and are entitled to the good-will of all lovers of square dealing in sport. If this claim is as true as it professes to be, the *News* has no right in a laudatory paragraph to refer



Jack Councils.
(Returning from Ottawa.)

to the Argos as an "aggravation," which it intended to do on Saturday, although the intelligent type-setting machine changed the word and made the *News* speak of the team as an "aggravation."

Under normal circumstances the game on Bloor street last Saturday should have drawn three thousand spectators, for the rival senior teams of the city were in play on a convenient ground on a fine cold afternoon. Instead of three thousand there were about eight hundred spectators on the ground. Why this sudden desertion of Rugby in this town? It probably means that you can't fool all the people all the time. In football the Bobbids, Pistols and Scaramouches are soon found out, and teams should never allow themselves to be cried up to impossible heights. It is much better to sing low and give the public an agreeable surprise. Another thing that requires to be considered by the sincere promoters of Rugby is this Toronto practice of changing the name of the town team every season—as if the past was always too terrible to be recalled. Whether it is the T.A.C., the T.A.C.-Lorne or the Argonaut team the players are largely the same, and it seems absurd to roam about in this homeless fashion instead of driving in stakes somewhere and attaining in time to something worth while.

Two or three years ago the Lornes were in full swing, had an intermediate team that was hard to beat, a big membership, a record to be proud of and an enthusiastic following. The Lornes proposed to put up a senior team, but this was caballed against, the Lornes were swallowed by the T.A.C.'s, and now both are extinct. Every time there is a shuffle in the name and management of the team three or four good players drop prematurely out of the game, for the man who has had about enough of it finds it easier to refuse to join a new team than to desert one whose reputation he helped to make.

The Osgoodes tried to play on Saturday, whereas against Ottawa they seemed wholly incapable of attempting anything—the full-back muffed every chance, half-backs failing to catch anything, the quarter never getting out the ball, the wings failing to hold their men and making the crudest tackles ever seen at Rosedale. That effort of the Osgoodes on October 8 will be long remembered as the rawest thing ever offered the Toronto public. But against the Argonauts the Osgoodes really showed some form—enough to be encouraging for the future against stronger teams if hard work is continued. Parmenter played so brilliantly that people fell to wondering who among the Ottawa players had stifled him so completely that he was unobserved in that lamentable match. In a certain line of work at half-back, Ernie Burns showed that he excels, for he proved very nimble-footed, eluded tackles cleverly, ran, dodged, and made some nice little punts in close corners. When it came to a push, or, indeed, in any part of the game, the Osgoodes showed that they had learned a lot in a week, and that the medicine they had taken on the 8th was the very thing they had been crying for. The Argonauts were not, however, so greatly overmatched as the score would seem to indicate, and perhaps the chief reason of their defeat was their lack of sufficient ingenuity to get the ball up into the air when the wind was with them in the second half. Jack Gilmour came down from London to play center half and to captain the team, and the fact was made plain that a man can't drop from the clouds and captain a team that he hasn't practiced with, no matter how capable he may be.

Varsity has suffered very little booming and quietly slipped off to Montreal and defeated McGill 11 to 5 last Saturday in a downpour of rain. Not on paper, but in the field Varsity has shown that she has five good half-backs, while no better wing men can be found anywhere than Blackwood, Harris, and some of the other college men. To this team the local enthusiasts are now turning expectant faces. If young Hills remains unspoiled he may become as sensational a player at half-back as any we have seen; but probably not one youth in a hundred can be lionized by the multitude in games, and then go to practice and hear and heed every word of advice given him by trainer, coach and captain. Unless a player can do that his reign is likely to prove short.

The Argonauts play Ottawa at Rosedale to-day, the Osgoodes go to Hamilton, and Queen's play Varsity here.

The Toronto Bowling League has reorganized for the season with great enthusiasm. Eight teams are entered in the series, the Athenaeum Club having two. At the opening games last Monday night Liederkrantz against the Grenadiers scored 5117 against the latter's 4927. This was the highest aggregate of the evening, Ziverfel of Liederkrantz making also the highest individual score, 715. The other games resulted:

Insurance 4908 Highlanders 4480
Athenaeum (A) 4267 Q. O. R. 4312
Athenaeum (B) 4567 Body Guards 4401
Q. O. R. Bicycle Club the bye.

Are we to see more of the art of wrestling this winter than we have of recent years? Bob Harrison has already been matched to wrestle in the Mutual street rink Greco Roman style. As I have said before, I would like to see this form of contest share the place of boxing on the programmes of the smokers this winter. The average sparring exhibition has grown very tame and wrestling ought to afford a spicy change of interest. It is a good exercise to cultivate generally and it is a pity it has been neglected.

The rifle ranges are seven miles outside the city limits, and perhaps that is why we get little excitement from the matches that occur. The scores appear in the papers, but the generality of people see or hear little else about them. There were nearly three hundred contestants in the Q.O.R. matches held a couple of weeks

HE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE



ago, and nearly an equal number in the Grenadier matches a week ago. A road race with the same number of riders attracts thousands of spectators and is the talk of young men for days. Shooting is growing in popularity with the members of the volunteer regiments, some of whom never miss a Saturday at the butts the summer through. We are developing some crack shots, and when these become more numerous and better known by people outside the force, we may expect to see exciting contests and a great public interest in rifle matches.

Varsity is followed by the black fate. Thursday of last week, the day set for the annual games, was wet, and they were postponed until last Tuesday. Last Tuesday, it will be remembered, was a very popular day with ducks and a good enough day for flying kites, but for athletic games on track and sward the weather was not auspicious. As the weather can never be relied upon at this time of the year, October being as likely to be wet and miserable half the time as it is to be fine and delightful the other half, it might be a good idea to hold the games earlier in the season. Wednesday turned out fine, but it was an unlooked for piece of good fortune.

On the Links.

THE autumn air is full of golf championships. Under the management of the Royal Canadian Golf Association the championship of Canada has just been decided. The members of the Rosedale and Toronto clubs have been hard at it all this week qualifying—or attempting to qualify—for the club championships of the T.G.C. and the R.G.C., the finals to come off on the two links to-day; and from Ardsley, down on the Hudson river, have been coming all the week reports of one of the most interesting tournaments of the year, the women's championship of the United States. As everyone predicted, it was again won, for the third successive year, by Miss Beatrix Hoyt, one of the strongest, most determined, most indomitable little golfers ever seen on any links. Only eighteen years have gone over her head, and yet she plays as none of the women can who have hammered steadily at the game for eight or ten years with the help of constant practice and innumerable lessons from some of the best-known professionals in the country. At Ardsley she far outclassed every one of the fifty-two women who entered, everyone but Miss Maude Wetmore of the Newport Golf Club, who played her a beautifully close game, although the match at the conclusion stood five up and three to play. For the first nine holes her score was only 46, just one stroke more than Miss Hoyt's, who in 45 beat her own former record of 46. The champion's driving was better than her opponent's, and in that way she gained an advantage which Miss Wetmore could not overcome. Stroke by stroke, however, Miss Wetmore fought for every hole, and for the first time Miss Hoyt found herself playing in a match which was not a walk-over. It was undoubtedly the best exhibition of golf between women ever witnessed in this country. Among the thousand enthusiastic golfers who considered the game sufficiently interesting and well played to follow from start to finish, were Laurence Curtis, president of the United States Golf Association, Chauncey M. Depew and Findlay Douglas, who were all loud in their praise of the game played by both Miss Hoyt and Miss Wetmore. Possibly, too, some of our Canadian women golfers may profit by the criticism of one of the highest authorities on golf, who said of Miss Wetmore that she would unquestionably play a much better game if she could be persuaded to overcome two faults—if she would first of all take a closer stance, and, secondly, turn her left foot slightly more in towards her ball, instead of pointing it so decidedly out. With these two faults corrected she would almost certainly equal Miss Hoyt. As it is, however, she plays a remarkably strong game and has honestly won the proud

position of second place among the women golfers of the United States.

A team of fifteen of the ladies of the Rosedale Club went out to Parkdale and played the ladies of the Morning Side Club last Saturday. It was one of October's most uncompromisingly disagreeable days—a little rain, a high, biting wind from over the water, and low, threatening clouds made the afternoon anything but pleasant. Busses met the visiting team at Sunnyside and took them *via* the picturesque old Indian road to the clubhouse, where the secretary received them with charming cordiality. After the match, which resulted in a victory for Rosedale, the visiting and home teams drove to the residence of Mrs. McGann of Dowling avenue, who had extended to the players an invitation for five o'clock tea. Never was an invitation more gladly accepted, and never did the interior of a house present such a charming contrast to the outside world. An open fire blazed in the cosy, square hall, and the prettily decorated rooms fairly glowed with numberless little pink-shaded lights. Outside as cold and miserable a day as one could imagine, and inside a charming hostess with a bright smile and warm welcome for everyone, rooms sweet with flowers and autumn foliage—and even more cheering, the open fires—and a wide, polished oak table loaded with delicious refreshments. No one remembered the dreary links, victory and defeat were both forgotten, and everyone present gave themselves up to the luxury of enjoyment. The two teams were composed of: Rosedale—Miss Rose Davidson, Mrs. A. S. Morse, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Rosamond Fuller, Miss Harriet Scott, Mrs. Crease, Miss Lamport, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Lucy Howard, Miss Dick, Miss Butler, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Shanklin, Miss Moss, against, for the Morning Sides—Mrs. Mahony, Miss Bryan, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. A. E. Wedd, Miss Gibson, Miss Shortt, Miss Muriel Dick, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Givens, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Elsie Lockie, Miss Dixon, Miss McDonnell, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Wright. It was a little comforting in the midst of so much that was cheerless to see the scarlet coats of the players scattered over the course, but the prettiest thing on the links was Miss Muriel Dick, a little, gray-eyed little maid of twelve or thirteen with a head of thick, tumbling brown curls, on the top of which sat very jauntily a black and scarlet tam matching a suit of scarlet cloth braided in black. She played against Miss Scott, and gave every promise of some day being an exceedingly good golfer.

The Rosedales are still jubilating over Mr. Lyon's victory and are giving the champion a complimentary banquet this evening.

The third championship tournament of the Intercollegiate Golf Association of America will be held at Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., beginning on Wednesday, October 20, with the team championship. This event is open to any college in the United States or Canada. Teams are to consist, as heretofore, of six men, the result to be determined by match play in rounds. Entries must be made before Monday, October 24, to Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., secretary, 3 Apley court, Cambridge, Mass.

HAZARD.

Mr. John Hare, in a recent interview, declared that he had long cherished the scheme for the revival of Robertson's comedies, which he is now putting into execution in England. After producing Caste last season, he has begun the present one with Ours, in which he is delighting provincial audiences with his Prince Perovsky. Next he will present School, resuming his famous impersonation of Beau Farintosh. Society, M.P., and Play will follow in due season. He will, however, also present a new play by A. W. Pinero.

Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's dramatization of the former's Simon Dale will be one of the winter plays at the London Court Theater. Charles Frohman was the first to commission Messrs. Hope and Rose to adapt the book for the theater. He has secured the entire rights in it for the United States.

position of second place among the women golfers of the United States.

A team of fifteen of the ladies of the Rosedale Club went out to Parkdale and played the ladies of the Morning Side Club last Saturday. It was one of October's most uncompromisingly disagreeable days—a little rain, a high, biting wind from over the water, and low, threatening clouds made the afternoon anything but pleasant. Busses met the visiting team at Sunnyside and took them *via* the picturesque old Indian road to the clubhouse, where the secretary received them with charming cordiality. After the match, which resulted in a victory for Rosedale, the visiting and home teams drove to the residence of Mrs. McGann of Dowling avenue, who had extended to the players an invitation for five o'clock tea. Never was an invitation more gladly accepted, and never did the interior of a house present such a charming contrast to the outside world. An open fire blazed in the cosy, square hall, and the prettily decorated rooms fairly glowed with numberless little pink-shaded lights. Outside as cold and miserable a day as one could imagine, and inside a charming hostess with a bright smile and warm welcome for everyone, rooms sweet with flowers and autumn foliage—and even more cheering, the open fires—and a wide, polished oak table loaded with delicious refreshments. No one remembered the dreary links, victory and defeat were both forgotten, and everyone present gave themselves up to the luxury of enjoyment. The two teams were composed of: Rosedale—Miss Rose Davidson, Mrs. A. S. Morse, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Rosamond Fuller, Miss Harriet Scott, Mrs. Crease, Miss Lamport, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Lucy Howard, Miss Dick, Miss Butler, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Shanklin, Miss Moss, against, for the Morning Sides—Mrs. Mahony, Miss Bryan, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. A. E. Wedd, Miss Gibson, Miss Shortt, Miss Muriel Dick, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Givens, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Elsie Lockie, Miss Dixon, Miss McDonnell, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Wright. It was a little comforting in the midst of so much that was cheerless to see the scarlet coats of the players scattered over the course, but the prettiest thing on the links was Miss Muriel Dick, a little, gray-eyed little maid of twelve or thirteen with a head of thick, tumbling brown curls, on the top of which sat very jauntily a black and scarlet tam matching a suit of scarlet cloth braided in black. She played against Miss Scott, and gave every promise of some day being an exceedingly good golfer.

The Rosedales are still jubilating over Mr. Lyon's victory and are giving the champion a complimentary banquet this evening.

The third championship tournament of the Intercollegiate Golf Association of America will be held at Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., beginning on Wednesday, October 20, with the team championship. This event is open to any college in the United States or Canada. Teams are to consist, as heretofore, of six men, the result to be determined by match play in rounds. Entries must be made before Monday, October 24, to Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., secretary, 3 Apley court, Cambridge, Mass.

HAZARD.

Mr. John Hare, in a recent interview, declared that he had long cherished the scheme for the revival of Robertson's comedies, which he is now putting into execution in England. After producing Caste last season, he has begun the present one with Ours, in which he is delighting provincial audiences with his Prince Perovsky. Next he will present School, resuming his famous impersonation of Beau Farintosh. Society, M.P., and Play will follow in due season. He will, however, also present a new play by A. W. Pinero.

Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's dramatization of the former's Simon Dale will be one of the winter plays at the London Court Theater. Charles Frohman was the first to commission Messrs. Hope and Rose to adapt the book for the theater. He has secured the entire rights in it for the United States.

The Fall of a Coin

By J. A. FLYNN.

Illustrated American.

RESOLVED a hundred times not to call at Bartlett's to say good-bye, but I went. On the road I decided that on no account would I be left alone with his sister, Carrie, but I was. The folly of the most foolish man is no match for Providence!

"Why have you not congratulated me upon my legacy, Mr. Durham?" she asked abruptly, when I had finished admiring the improvements in the house. I pulled some long leaves by the couch abstractedly.

"Upon my word, Miss Carrie," I confessed, "I am afraid that I didn't feel so pleased as I should have done at your good fortune."

She looked swiftly at me. "I cannot imagine you being jealous of another's good luck. I—I am sorry," she said sadly.

"I didn't mean that quite, Miss Carrie," I explained hastily, "though I expressed myself clumsily as usual."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you might like to say what you did mean? Come, I will give you a full minute to put it in your best English."

"No reflection is necessary," I answered, gravely. "I meant that your wealth has taken you into another sphere, out of that in which we were friendly. I was selfish enough to be sorry to see you go."

"I suppose," she murmured, as if she were speaking to herself, "that is meant for a compliment? It may also be taken as an insult."

"Insult?"

"Is it not an insult to suppose that, because I have become rich, I should look down upon—upon my old friends?" Her voice trembled.

"My dear Miss Carrie," I cried, "I never supposed such a thing; never dreamed it for one moment. It was only that—that—" I stopped abruptly. There was nothing to say, but the one thing not to be said.

"Cannot you say what you do mean?" she demanded, with a flash of her old impetuous manner. I gripped the plant, on which my hand was resting, savagely.

"No," I answered, "I cannot!" I looked hungrily at her as she sat upright on the sofa. "I wish," I added, bitterly, "that I could!" She met my eyes fearlessly, though the pink color flushed over her cheeks.

"So," she said, meaningly, "do I." But I was doggedly silent, and she sighed.

"There are some things," I remarked, feebly, after a painful interval, "which are better left unsaid." She shook her head.

"There are some things," she protested, "which demand an explanation; some acts which seem so unkind—such a breach of friendship." Her voice faltered, and she turned her head away.

"I can only ask your charity," I said, hoarsely.

"Such things," she continued, "rankle in one's mind, make one morbid and miserable, if they are not explained."

"Such things as my stopping away from here since you came into your unexpected fortune?" She nodded. "And you demand an explanation?" She nodded again. "Even when I tell you that explanation is best avoided?"

"Yes," she answered, "I do."

"Then," said I sadly, "I can only say one thing, Carrie. It is because I love you."

She hung her head silently, and trembled. "I love you," I repeated, "so much that I can only—go away."

She lifted up her face with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and held out her hands.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "can't you see?"

I groaned aloud! "My poor little girl!" I cried. "I was afraid. It cannot be." She dried her eyes.

"You are talking nonsense," she began brightly. "If you love me—"

"I do."

"Of course you do, you silly fellow. Do you think I couldn't see? And if I—"

"If I can put up with you—why, that settles the question," she laughed uncomfortably, watching me out of the corners of her eyes.

"My dear, it doesn't." She stamped her foot angrily. "Carrie, there is only one honorable thing that I can do—only one way in which I can preserve my self-respect and act as a man. That way—I spoke firmly—" is by going away, as I am going."

"You are not!" She caught hold of my coat, but I gently removed her hands.

"By everything which I hold sacred, Carrie, I am. Any man who was worth his salt would do the same." She knew by the sound of my voice that I meant it, and the color left her cheeks.

"Harry," she said piteously, "did you really mean what you said—about liking me?"

"Every word."

"I—I meant it—too!" I lifted her hand and kissed it.

"It cannot be, dear." There was nothing else to say.

"You care for what people would think more than you care for me?"

"I care for what I know is right and honorable." There was a long silence.

"Do you remember a conversation we had once, coming home from the Flemings," she asked, suddenly, "about modern chivalry?"

"Yes, but I scarcely see—"

"You said it was giving everyone a chance—even your worst and most despicable enemy. Do you remember?"

"I remember," I admitted.

"If such a one were at your mercy, you said, you must not slay him without giving him an opportunity to fight for his life. If fighting were impossible, you must give him a chance in some way; you would let it rest upon the fall of a coin. You remember?"

"Yes," I answered, "wondering; I remember."

"Then," she said, with a keen ring in her voice, "I ask—nay, I demand—the same privilege."

"The case is quite different, Carrie," I protested. But I could not avoid a fierce desire of one wild hazard for happiness.

"It is in no way different. On one side my happiness; on the other your foolish idea of honor, which you place above my happiness."

"I cannot!" I groaned.

"You must!" she insisted. "You cannot refuse me what you would grant to the meanest of your foes." She produced a ten-cent piece from her little purse.

"You will not be so cruel and unjust as to refuse me this?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"A judge is needed—the impartial coin!" She laughed feverishly. I could not bear to hear her.

"Very well," I said wildly. "But let me be honest with you, Carrie. At the bottom of my heart I despise myself for giving way, and know it is because I want you and not because it is right. You will abide by the result?"

"Yes, yes! and you will? Promise!"

"I promise."

"Freely and unreservedly?"

"Freely and unreservedly."

"Here goes, then," she cried excitedly, putting the coin in my hand. "Quick, quick!" I spun it up, and she cried swiftly, "Head!"

It fell on the floor and rolled over and over until at last it rested just underneath the stands, but still in view—head uppermost. Carrie burst into a passion of tears, and I clasped her frantically in my arms, and kissed her again and again.

"You will never, never speak of leaving me any more," she sobbed. And I held her yet closer, and whispered that now I never would, if I could, break my promise.

"Hullo, you two! Whatever have you been doing all this time?" said her brother, coming in later.

"Oh!—playing pitch and toss," said I, lightly.

"Carrie is a dangerous person to gamble with, let me warn you," he observed, laughing. "She has a wonderful coin, which I picked up over on the east side. It has two heads."

Then Carrie and I looked at each other.

"You're not mad with me?" she said, holding tightly to my arm, with a mischievous glance in her eye.

Was I mad with her? Well!

THE Prince of Talleyrand, a grand seigneur to the tip of his finger nails, was, as is well known, the most mischievous individual who ever existed. He professed openly a sort of respectful contempt for his Imperial master, and never missed an opportunity of playing him any abominable trick.

One day, at the end of 1808, after the invasion of Spain by the French armies, the Emperor, who liked to affect an excessive familiarity with the members of the old nobility, slapped the Prince vigorously on the shoulder, and told him point-blank that he was coming to see him in his famous Castle of Valençay, which he had often been told was the most beautiful in France. Josephine, his wife, who was then on the verge of falling from the Imperial throne, and never left her husband for one hour if it were possible, had also decided to accompany him. Talleyrand winced at the announcement, and hesitated a moment, but suddenly he smiled agreeably, bowed very low, and accepted with due humility the great honor. The visit was fixed for the following day, for Napoleon never slept on a caprice or a resolution if he could help it.

Early in the morning, after a night spent in traveling, the Imperial couple perceived the majestic dome-shaped towers of Valençay, and entered the avenue of lime trees about two miles long which leads to the Castle. In the hall the Prince, surrounded by all his servants, to the number of a hundred or more, was waiting for the Imperial *berline*, which bore no coat of arms. It was a most commodious, but comparatively simple, traveling carriage, and when it arrived a young gentleman, who had evidently been awakened by the noise, opened a window on the first floor and curiously looked at the new comers. A short personage, rather heavy, with a round and fat little stomach, got out. He was wrapped in a shabby gray coat, and after having shaken himself like a man stiff from having been seated long, he offered his hand to a lady, when the Prince, quickly advancing, helped the *voyageuse*, who jumped lightly out and nearly fell into his arms.

The man was common-looking, the lady so muffled-up that he could see nothing of her, so the young gentleman yawned and went to bed again without having the least idea who the guests arriving in this homely apparel could be. At ten sharp the breakfast bell called the inmates of the Castle downstairs. The first to come to what was considered at Valençay as quite an informal meal was the young gentleman of the first floor, in complete *neglige*. He wore a short jacket of dark brown tweed, breeches of the same stuff, and on his head a curious little cloth cap, in the shape of half a melon, with a golden button at the top. Behind him trotted a lovely young woman in a *dishabille* of striped cotton, her hair done up in pieces of paper of different colors, a narrow leaf scarf knotted under the chin keeping the whole tightly together. In spite of this grotesque get-up, though, the beauty of her regular features was most striking.

A second afterward M. de Talleyrand entered rubbing his hands as if in great glee. He was preceding the Emperor Napoleon and the charming Josephine, who, in the space of less than an hour, had found means of arraying herself in the most lovely morning gown of yellow *crepe-de-Chine*, and wore on her low forehead a bandeau of small camoes.

"Ah," said Talleyrand to the young gentleman, who was still ringing almost rudely at the unexpected guests, "you were in bed when I arrived late last evening, and I could not tell you that we should have some visitors at breakfast this morning. Never mind, it is *en famille*, is it not?"

"My best friends—ahem!" he went on, turning to the Emperor and making a gesture with his hands toward the funny-looking couple. "My best friends," he said again, going through the same ceremony.

Napoleon and Josephine had both expressed the desire of keeping a strict incognito, after having heard that there were at the Castle a young couple, who, Talleyrand told them, were the victims of great injustice, and had been reduced to ask the favor of his hospitality.

The places had not been marked, so kind Josephine, who, with her born coquetry, felt very much for the poor lady in curl-papers, approached the young woman and beckoned her to sit on her right. The men arranged themselves without ceremony around the table, and the coffee and chocolate were passed around. No one spoke; an unaccountable uneasiness reigned among the guests, and even Talleyrand himself looked rather out of countenance. Alone Josephine was chatting away at times without waiting for an answer that did not seem likely to come, and waving, according to her custom, her tiny precious lace handkerchief in all directions. She laughed at her own little *maladresses*, and tried her best to bring a more congenial spirit on the ill-sorted company, but without success.

Suddenly the young man with the melon cap got up, and with the flat of his hand, he gave a tremendous blow on the table.

"Talleyrand," he cried, "this one is your nastiest and most abominable trick." Then, turning to his wife, he took her hand and signalled her to follow him.

Napoleon and Josephine had jumped to their feet. As for Talleyrand, a diabolical smile was on his lips.

"A little too strong!" he said, laughing. "Well, then, your Majesties Napoleon and Josephine, allow me to introduce to you the Royal guests, who, a week ago, found an asylum in my house of Valençay—King Ferdinand of Spain and his august wife, Maria Antonia."

A thunderbolt among the cups and saucers on the breakfast-table could not have produced a greater effect than these words, for at that very moment Joseph Bonaparte was parading in Spain in place of King Ferdinand VII., and occupied the throne on which his brother had installed him in spite of his strong objection to being a usurper.

The Emperor and the Empress left

Valençay in thorough disgust, but not so the poor exiled Spanish couple. Not long afterward the beautiful Maria Antonia died, from poison they say; as for her husband, he remained as a sort of prisoner in the Castle till 1813.

Another Hooley.

"THE total cost to me," said the long-haired young man, flurrying on the margin of a newspaper, "is the sum of two dollars—roughly speaking."

He leaned over my desk earnestly, and tapped holes in the unoffending newspaper with the point of his pencil.

"Yes," said I.

"Two dollars," he repeated.

He looked hard at me to see if I grasped the full significance of the figures.

"Yes," said I again.

"That's not counting the labor," he continued. "I throw that in."

"Do you?" said I.

"Well," said he, "—you follow me, I trust?"

"I think I follow you so far," I assured him.

"Well," said he. "I can dispose of that stuff after I have treated it for twenty-four dollars." He brought the pencil down with a jerk that broke the point.

"Remarkable," said I.

"I should rather think so," said he. "Just think of it; twenty-four dollars on two dollars, that's twenty-two dollars profit. Twenty-two dollars on two dollars is 1100 per cent."

"Perhaps it is," said I.

"Well," continued the long-haired youth, "that per cent. you will acknowledge is ridiculously high. Five per cent. is all you can expect even on a gilt-edge mortgage. Allowing double this, then, as a more than fair rate, we will capitalize the power that earns 1100 per cent. at a principal that will bring in the sufficient profit of ten—a really splendid investment. We will water the stock. By figuring it out you see the business is worth \$220. Well, then, adopting the usual methods, speaking roughly, call it \$500."

"Certainly," said I kindly. "Call it five hundred."

"Well, my proposition is this. I'm willing to form a limited liability stock company of myself, capitalized at \$500, get incorporated, and put myself on the market at one dollar a share, five hundred shares."

"Roughly speaking," I ventured.

"Of course," said he. "Now in order to raise money to get the thing started I'm willing to sell a few shares in advance, as it were. If you care to come in on the ground floor, I'll sell you a preferred share for the trifling sum of fifty cents. Roughly speaking, you'll double your money in no time. Come now, what do you say?"

"My calculating financial friend," I said, "roughly speaking, if you don't get out of this office before I count five I'll be under the painful necessity of kicking you down stairs."

"You Canadian capitalists are so conservative," he said sorrowfully as he gently shut the door.

France at Fever Heat.

Henry Markham in the London Daily Mail Writes Able of the Situation and We Summarize His Views.

UNDER pretext of preserving order during the workmen's strike in Paris, the capital of France is being quietly taken possession of by troops, who are moving into the city in small numbers. The danger of the situation lies in the fact that a fair trial and open enquiry into all the causes of the present trouble would result in the complete overthrow of all the leading men in the army, and they are not willing to be overthrown. One little folly has followed another until a full clearing up of the situation would be disastrous to men who, at first, meant well enough, and who acted, some of them, conscientiously enough, but now all are compelled to band together in a common effort of self-preservation.

It is not Dreyfus who is on his trial; it is the army that stands in the dock; and it is the haunting fear that in open court the army will be condemned which makes reparation so difficult. There would have been no disgrace in a free recognition of error. But professional loyalty, the common cloak of wrong-doing, prevented enquiry, and now the truth can only be established after an acrimonious and maybe a bloody contest. If only the staff had followed the advice of Colonel Picquart, all might have been well. But that officer has suffered the penalty of rectitude—for what country has not ostracized Aristides!—and the execution of justice must be followed by a hundred reprisals.

"The King can do no wrong," said Charles Stuart, and lost his head upon the block. "The Army can do no wrong," shouts the *Etat-Major* of Republican France, and the Republic echoes the

shout. Despite the eloquence of MM. Jaurès and Clémenceau, once leaders of men, France is prepared to support her Generals in the face of manifest indiscretion and proved forgery. If there were but politicians strong enough or picturesque enough to make a *coup d'etat*, Paris would be in a state of siege to-morrow. But M. Cavaignac cannot ride the horse of General Boulanger, and General Zurlinden has little else than a monocle whereon to base a reputation. Meanwhile General de Gallifet has retired, like Achilles, to his tent, and nobody expects heroism from that respectable sportsman, M. Félix Faure. None the less the French democracy, like Wat Tyler's mob, demands a leader; and, if only that leader be given, it is prepared, in defiance of its principles, to support the Army against the Law. The poor Dreyfus has faded far into the background; all that remains is an "emancipated people," the true heirs of that glorious Revolution which formulated the Rights of Man clamoring for a military dictatorship.

The strangest thing of all is the way the Church of Rome has improved her position in this time of turmoil. For twenty-two years previous to 1892 the Church has refused to recognize the Republic. In that year the Pope instructed the Catholics of France to no longer hold aloof. It was a politic move, though somewhat tardy, perhaps. Yet it gave the Church a chance to do something in the present crisis, and so the Church has made phenomenal advances during the present year by throwing her influence with the army leaders and against the Dreyfusites.

People in other countries cannot imagine how bitter the feeling grew to be between the large Republican and the small clerical parties in France in those twenty-two years of estrangement. The man who went in for politics was ruined if he became known that he was married in church or that he had permitted his children to be baptized. Even now when the church is on the popular side, M. Sarrien, the champion of revision, was nearly overthrown by a rumor that his son was being educated in a religious school. He disproved the rumor and saved himself. The other day at College Rollin the municipal council forbade the celebration of mass. Nor can this seem remarkable in a country which exiles the word "Dieu" from a school edition of La Fontaine's fables, and which only two years since passed a vote of censure on a school inspector for setting questions "which implied the existence of a God."

This is not only true of Paris, for in the provinces indifference to religion is essential, not only to political advancement, but to the comfort of life.

There seem to be but two ways out of the present trouble, and the army, being possessed of power, must choose the way and provide the leader. There is a chance that the army may yield up a man who will seize his besmirched chiefs and eject them. This is not likely to happen. It is more likely that a Napoleon or a Boulanger will ride out upon the boulevard and become the popular idol. But the leader must be a strong man to outweigh the sins of his fellows. For the role of the army in this affair, which it created in cold blood and fostered in chicanery, has been unhappy from first to last, and even yet the voice of justice may be heard above the clamor of politics and the clanking of the *spurs*.

Life's Slaves and Its Masters.

How sad to stand before the past And knock upon its echoing door, And try the lock and find it fast— To open for these nevermore!

How sad to know one more tale told, One vase more broken at the well, A bacon quenched, a heart turned cold, A world stripped of its old-time spell!

Happy the few who walk serene Amid such wreck of outward things, And turn untroubled from the scene To quaff from cool, secluded springs:

Spring—that within themselves arise, By time untempled—as unfed! Kings are these mortals, tranquil, wise, Self-poised—the leaders, not the led!

But we—so many—we are bound By the gross world in which we fret, Nor do the suns for us bring round Power to renounce, for-sake, forget.

Like untired mariners we steer By lights that show a storm-washed lee, Dreading to leave the land and veer Out to the unmarked, open sea!

—JAS. A. TUCKER.

Soothsaying.

Pick-Me-Up.

Pennywint—I love you passionately! This muth I tell you, but the day when I can ask you to be my wife is not yet.

Miss Oldeheiress (cynically)—How is that?

Pennywint—Youth is impressionable. I will not ask your promise until you have passed your twenty-first birthday. It's a long time to wait, but—

Miss Oldeheiress—John, I am yours!

Gerald—Would that I were a glove that I might hold your hand! Geraldine—You would make a good glove, that's a fact.

Gerald—What do you mean? Geraldine—You are a regular kid.—*Bazar*.

How Men Dress in the Waldorf-Astoria.

THAT very saucy writer on subjects relating to male attire, "Him" in *Vogue*, says:

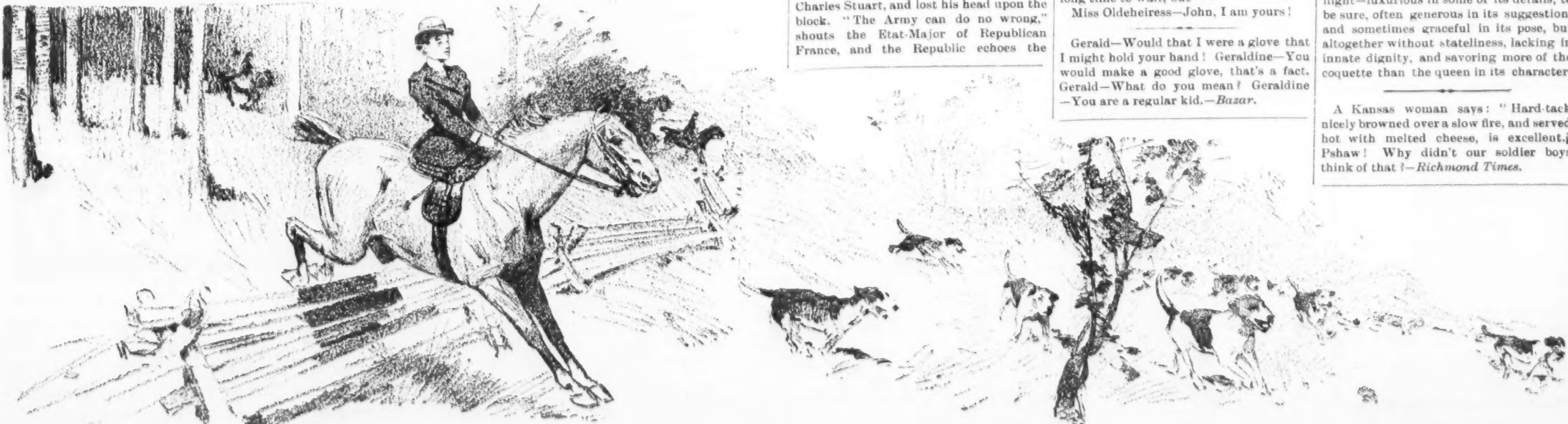
From London, just now, flock the Americans, and some of them in weird garments. Sooner or later all appear at the Waldorf-Astoria, which at these times is the show clothes place of the world. I saw there a tall, rather well-proportioned man, in a gray Park suit with long frock coat made after the most approved London method. It was a dream in cut and material, but as yet the Park suit is so absolutely adapted to the English figure that only a very smart American with an air of *blase* indifference and the pose of a man of leisure can afford to wear it. However, this American rushed in to run the gauntlet. His tie was bad—a species of nondescript red, and his top-hat was a guinea London tile with too much bell for the fashion here. Of course these were minor defects, but he had to ruin the entire symmetry of his otherwise pleasing get-up by tan boots. I could not believe my eyes. And in a few minutes he was followed by a stout New Yorker, who had a bright blue skirt with a sky-blue four-in-hand, a brown derby hat with a very high crown, a check gray suit—not badly made, but too short in the trousers—tan laced boots and another shade of brown kid gloves. Three distinct shades of brown and two of blue! And the man carried himself as if he were correct in his apparel, and very well satisfied that he was a person of fashion. Both of these men had sticks of such formidable appearance as to suggest that they might be going up a dark country road at night, and that they might expect to meet a highwayman at any turn. And then as the last *bonne bouche*, an English writer of international fame strolled into the *cafe*. As soon as a literary man in London makes a success, he invests in a long frock coat with skirt *a la* 1823, a bell top hat and five gold rings encrusted with sapphires. This latter part of his dress—if one can call it thus—is imperative. The great writer was in *neglige*, and this time he wore a blue serge suit, which was not too bad, it being an unseasonably warm day in autumn. But a straw hat purchased at St. Mary's Axe, wretched brown boots buttoned, with kid tops, a low, intellectual collar and a tie made after the artist of Montmartre ideal, a murderous-looking stick and five sapphire rings. And thus I felt that I had been at a carnival. The orchestra just then was playing loudly after a selection from Wagner—some negro melodies manufactured in New York and London, and with as much characteristic music of the African race in them as might be found in a German student song or a nocturne by Grieg.

And so for the eternal unfitness of things. I said to myself: When shall that millennium ever arrive (I cannot call it anything else) when we shall dress, eat and live according to the circumstances which surround us and make ourselves a part of the general harmony of a bountiful nature trained into artistic perfection by the power of man! And yet man alone is wanting. He remains purposely and carelessly a blotch on the picture and the incongruity of all this was so ghastly that I forgot to order luncheon but called a hansom and was driven to my train for retirement in rusticity.

Summer in London.

ONE rarely sees a well dressed woman in the London streets in summer. The inevitable sailor hat is there, and the ill-fitting shirt-waist. All the dresses clear the ground by a couple of inches; the women wear white shoes, and their serge jackets and skirts always bag at the shoulders and ride up in front. At rare intervals only does a trim figure appear, in muslin or foularde—immediately pronounced that of a foreigner—and but once in a while is one tempted to turn and look at some well-appointed woman going by. If there be some prevailing fashion among those who make the smartness of the London season, not a suggestion of it is seen in the streets when that season is over and its makers have fled. A summer in London, then, unlike one in Paris, hardly prepares the returning traveler for the note of fashion which, as a writer in the *Bazar* points out, he will find prevailing in the New York streets on his return. It comes upon him with a certain vividness which makes him alive to the trend of popular taste and the development of fads which otherwise might have escaped him. He can hardly avoid wondering just now why it is that everything in a woman's dress is made to take so pronounced a tip-forward—the hat down over the eyes, and the front of the waist to fall over the belt—the general effect, for all its touch of abandon, being that of making a hurrying figure, as if bent for flight—luxurious in some of its details, to be sure, often generous in its suggestion, and sometimes graceful in its pose, but altogether without stateliness, lacking in innate dignity, and savoring more of the coquette than the queen in its character.

A Kansas woman says: "Hard-tack nicely browned over a slow fire, and served hot with melted cheese, is excellent." Pahaw! Why didn't our soldier boys think of that?—*Richmond Times*.



STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Kaiser Friedrich, Nov. 1; Saale, Nov. 8;
Lahn, Nov. 15; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Nov. 15;
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.

First saloon, \$110 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to \$60.

New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Wilhelm, Nov. 3; H. H. Meier, Nov. 17;
Oldenburg, Nov. 10; Barbarossa, Nov. 24.

MEDITERRANEAN, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
Ems, Oct. 29; Kaiser Wm. II., Nov. 12; Aller,
Nov. 26; Ems, Dec. 3; Kaiser Wm. II., Dec. 17.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

Fast Express Service
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
Paris, Oct. 26; Southwark, Nov. 9;
St. Louis, Nov. 16; St. Paul, Dec. 7;
St. Paul, Nov. 23; St. Paul, Dec. 14.

Sailing Saturdays at 12 noon.
Pennland, Oct. 23; Pennland, Oct. 29.

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Kensington, Oct. 26; Friesland, Nov. 9;
Nordland, Nov. 23; Southwark, Nov. 16.

These steamers carry only second and third-class passengers at low rates.

International Navigation Company
Piers 14 and 15 North River
Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.

Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

Passages to England

Express and moderate rate ships to South of England and through the English Channel. Apply for sailings and rates to

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

STEAMSHIP and TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.

R. M. MELVILLE
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.
Telephone 2010

Anecdotal.

Though an extremely sweet-tempered woman, Mrs. Alexander, the well known novelist, is well able to hold her own in conversation. Mrs. F., a prominent society woman noted for her bluntness, in the course of a call, spoke of one of the novelist's daughters. "Dear Alice," she said, "has lost most of her good looks." "Do you think so?" said Mrs. Alexander. "I fancy you have lost something yourself." "Indeed," said Mrs. F. "Your manners, my dear," returned Mrs. Alexander tartly.

Lord Monck, at one time Governor of Canada, sat in the House of Commons for an English constituency. An Irishman himself, he was very patronizing to the Irish members. Meeting Vincent Scully, the member for Tipperary, in the lobby one night, he slapped him on the shoulder and said, familiarly: "Well, Scully, how are you?" The other, annoyed by this form of address, rejoined, "I will thank you, my lord, not to deprive my name of the last letter; or, if you do, pray add it to your own and call yourself Monkey."

An exchange tells a story of a judge who could not control his temper, and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the courtroom, and at last the judge could endure it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There was a long silence; then one of the leading counsel rose, and with just a trace of a smile, enquired: "If it please your honor, from what date will your resignation take effect?"

While in camp at Chickamauga, a company of Kentucky volunteers, who had good ground to complain of the negligence of the commissariat, lined up in front of their colonel's tent. Their spokesman came forward and said the men had a request to make, but they thought it might give offence. "What is it, boys?" said the colonel; "speak up." "Please, sir, have you a calendar?" asked a deep voice respectfully, at one end of the line. "A calendar?" repeated the colonel. "Why, certainly. Orderly—But what do you want with a calendar?" he asked, a bit mystified. "Please, sir," said a squeak from the little man at the other end of the line, "we should like to eat the dates."

Two old beggar cronies, well known in Dublin, were discussing their personal affairs. "Good morra to ye, Mrs. Fogarty," said one. "Good morra, kindly, Judy," replied the other. "I hope I see you well this mornin'!" "Oh, very well, entirely. So, Mrs. Fogarty, ye married yer daughter Kate. Did she get a good match?" "Divil a better, praise be to God! She got Blind Darby Driscoll on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork." "Ah, thin, but it's me that's glad to hear yer news. And did ye give her anythin'?" "Faix, I did, thin! Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which if well begged, is worth seven an' sixpence a week." "Upon

Address Dies Initials Monograms Crests

perfectly and correctly executed—our facilities being the best—our engravers are artists.

Visiting Cards printed from copperplate, \$1 per 100.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
"The Bookshop,"
No. 8 King Street West.

my word, but 'tis you that was generous!" exclaimed the other.

A touching anecdote, associated with a picture in the National Gallery at Edinburgh, is told by an English lady in her book, *Pot-Pourri From a Surrey Garden*. She writes: "Several pictures stand out with peculiar interest, especially the life-sized *Gainsborough* of the young Mrs. Grahame. She sat for the picture as a bride, but before it came home she was dead, and her husband had gone to the wars. When he came back, he never had the courage to open the case which contained his young wife's portrait. On his death, many long years after it was painted, it was opened by his heirs, and inside the case was the little white slipper she had left with the painter to help him to finish his picture. The portrait was given to the Edinburgh Gallery, and the slipper was kept by the family."

Lord Malmesbury used to relate a good story told him by one of Napoleon's officers—an incident of the Peninsular campaign. The French officer was reconnoitering with three or four troopers when they came suddenly upon a young English officer similarly occupied, mounted on a superb thoroughbred horse. Summoned by the French colonel to surrender, he quietly cantered away with a mocking smile on his face. The Frenchman, who rode a heavy horse, pursued at full gallop. The Englishman allowed him to get quite close. Then kissing his hand, and leaving him behind, he shouted, pointing to his horse, "A Norman horse, sir." Again the Frenchman pursued, threatening to shoot his enemy if he did not surrender. He went so far as to point a pistol at him, but the weapon missed fire. With a roar of laughter the young Englishman shouted again, "Made at Versailles, sir," and giving the thoroughbred his head, was soon out of sight. It was most amusing to hear the old colonel tell this story and describe his rage, adding, however, that he had always felt glad that he had not shot "the brave joker."

The Passing Show.

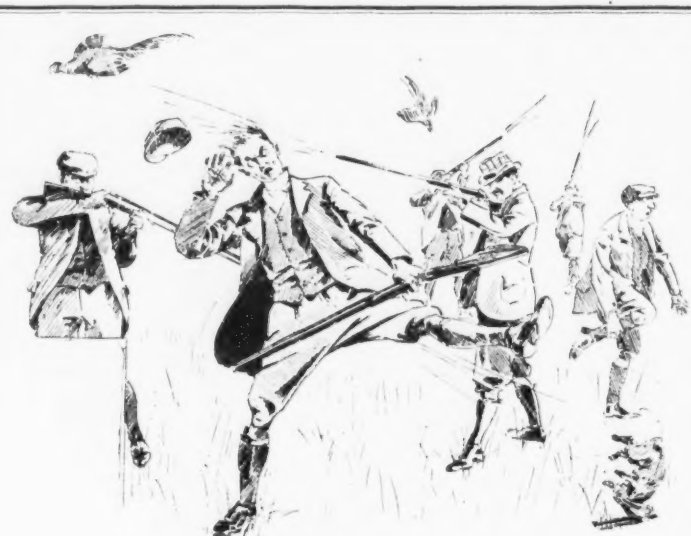


IN days of yore, mystery, carefully nurtured, lurked in the regions sacred to the disciples of the most human of the Arts. "Going behind the scenes" was considered a privilege to be enjoyed by lady lords, dissipated dukes and other titled folks who amble through the pages of young ladies' journal novelettes. One rarely even sees such a proceeding mentioned nowadays, for the most utterly *passé* thing in these times is mystery of any sort, about anything! The fashion is altered; no one believes in mystery; the most inner and sacred topics of intimate personal interest are blazoned abroad, and scarcely even discussed, because what one knows all about ceases to attract and interest. That's one of the reasons marriage often turns out so stupid a state. But there are disenchantments even yet to come, though one realizes that a stage forest, so bravely waving, and lovely parterres all a-growing and a-blowing are merely sheets of canvas and paint hung in mid-air and supported against strong netting. You should be outside the theater on a last-night performance to feel the true inwardness of what we call the "passing show." Shortly after eight o'clock a procession of lorries, a garbled assortment of express wagons and an assemblage of huge drivers come crawling, creeping, down the asphalt, and clustering around the back entrance of the theater. There is a mountain range of great boxes numbered and piled high, waiting for properties of various descriptions: antique furniture, armorial shields, weapons or drinking-bowls, fireplaces and banquet tables. The theater inside is packed with watching, listening throngs, who have for half an hour been skipping through the blazing floods of light out of the dismal evening. There comes a stir among the men lounging about the door and the lorries. "Number one," comes a cry through the darkness, and as the curtain rises down on the stage within, the property men, the scene shifters, the stage hands of all sorts grab the baronial hall and its belongings and carry them piecemeal to lorry number one.

Away they go! Wildairs Hall, Lady Clo's banquet table, the chair she mounted to make her daring speech; the doors which flung open to show her radiant in her scarlet satin gown and diamonds; the steps upon which the helpless drunken lord lay down to drink her health once more; the beautiful old mantle upon which hung the trophy, the crop with which she

declared herself ready to remove an interesting organ from the internal economy of her uproarious dad—all piled in perfect order and system go these scraps of architecture, and lorry number one rumbles to the railroad station with Wildairs Hall on its back.

For number two, as the curtain goes down upon that transcendent scene in the rose garden, waits the wealth of foliage, the beautiful old castle exterior, the sun dial, to many almost a sacred thing, but lorry number two receives it with a contemptuous squeak of its broad-rimmed wheels, *blase* from toting many a humbug sheet of painted canvas and a stair that folds up and collapses. Boxes of roses, red and pink, looking wonderfully cabbage and glaring, and packed with mock grass and hard green foliage, the dedicated rose-garden which every man and woman felt was the place



"By Heavens, it is a splendid sight to see For one who hath no friend, no brother there."

—Byron.

of all places on earth to shelter a love-story—away they go, too, on the big van, the four less of that rustic bench (upon which Clo sits in her sullen reverie after she has accepted her old lover Dunstan), sticking up in the air in an abject confession of fraud. And by and by comes a gruesome lot, headed by the case carrying that wonderful lounge under which the thing was hid; bearing away also the window through which Clo looked in her despair, through which Ann glanced in fright to see the return of the libertine, who really was the only man I could feel the slightest interest in of the whole lot.

And so it passed, the show which roused the ire of the orthodox and the protest of the Philistine; a bad play well played, if ever was such; and the street cleared of its huge drays, and spick and span carriages and grouty old cabs waited for the last curtain and the coming of the brilliant audience. And last of all a serious-minded cab and discreet white horses crept closer to that back door, and she came, weary beyond belief, for the last day was also a matinee day, and Clo bears the play upon her shoulders all the time, and she, too, was borne away, and the last light went out and from old St. James' rang the hour chimes and twelve long strokes.

LADY GAY.

Books and Shop Talk.

Grace O'Malley, Princess and Pirate, by Robert Machray, has just been published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co. It is an interesting story of adventure, the hero being Ruari Macdonald, "red shank and rebel," a Macdonald of the Isles whose family was destroyed in a feud, and who was cast adrift in a boat and picked up by the Irish O'Malleys. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when there was talk of Spanish intervention to free Ireland from English rule. Canadians should welcome this stirring book because its author, although now resident in England, was formerly well known in Canada. He is a nephew of the Prime of Canada, and was on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Empire* for some time. He traveled through British Columbia in the interests of that paper, and contributed several stories to *SATURDAY NIGHT*. This is his first novel, but will certainly not be his last, as he is a man of fine education and wide experience.

Trevelyan's Little Daughters is the title of a charming story by Mrs. Charles Sheard of Toronto, with a series of illustrations made especially for it by Reginald B. Birch, the well known American artist of *St. Nicholas* fame. The book is announced for early issue by William Briggs, and will appear in good time for the Christmas holidays. In it the reader makes the acquaintance of three quaint and wholly delightful little maidens—the leading character being a study from real life. On the death of their mother, these

children are taken from an old-fashioned pretty English home to relatives in New York. Of their doings and sayings, of how they won the hearts of all in their new home, and of the romantic discovery of their cousin Raphael, the author tells us in a way that holds the reader from beginning to end of the story.

The forthcoming Christmas Number of *SATURDAY NIGHT* will contain almost double the number of pages of any previous issue, and in point of interest will be away ahead of anything yet produced in the same line. Not to go into details, it may be stated that Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw contributes one of the most humorous stories imaginable, entitled *Two Weeks Before the Mast*. This contains an account of how a Bachelor of Arts worked his way across the Atlantic in the capacity of an able seaman. It will prove the funniest thing of the season. Fuller announcements will be made in a later issue.

Which will identify her study. If you work hard you could perfect yourself in stenography and typewriting in four or five months. Like everything else it depends on the capacity and zeal of the student. An expert gave me the above answer, as I confess not to have yet mastered the art of making chicken tracks or playing on the little piano. I am to do so very soon, the fates granting me time enough. Shall we meet and see who learns quickest? 2. Yours is a charming study. It shows fancy, dash and some humor, adaptability, a social nature, refinement, love of beauty, and a nature at once feminine, brave and constant. You can have and hold to your opinions and are conscientious.

Women and "Tips."

WOMEN don't give tips so readily as men, don't subscribe so liberally to miscellaneous objects, like bargain-counters better than men do, are more alert in saving small sums, cheapening domestic service and household supplies, and such matters. The average man who earns money and has it to spend is an economist of time. Minutes are of more value to him than dimes or "nickels." He pays readily for prompt service, does not consider small differences of price, but expedites his progress through the day by any minor disbursements that seem expedient. If he is a hard-worked man he likes to save thought and bother as well as time, and would often rather pay than think. He is apt to consider that his time and thought are more profitably spent in earning money than in saving it by dribbles. The average woman does not earn her own money, but has it provided for her to spend. It is usually a fixed sum, not easily expanded, out of which there are necessary expenditures to be met. What the margin of indulgence shall be after the necessities are provided depends upon close buying and little economies. The average woman has not only a stronger motive for petty economies than the average man, but she can afford to spend more time in devising them and carrying them out. But such economies, the *Bazar* explains, by no means necessarily imply meanness. "Tips" are commonly given, either because they seem to be fairly due, or to promote the giver's ease and tranquillity of mind. What a woman saves on unnecessary "tips," or by haunting bargain-counters, or by spending time to save pennies, she may spend in ways that are truly generous and self-sacrificing.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Doc—Extreme independence of thought and action, and a frank, honest and candid nature, apt to idealize, and even-tempered, slightly ambitious, lacking experience.

Lizzie—There is a good deal of enterprise and ambition in this study, but it needs culture and experience. The writer has a good opinion of herself and will be likely to get on, ambition and buoyancy being marked. Care and discretion are also shown, and truth and honesty. The aim and purpose are not so firm as they will be.

SORRY-TO-RE-AT-HOME—This is a person whose will is over strong, and being so, crushes many a graceful trait. But for power, grit and determination it would be the very thing; if a pioneer were needed, you might go. The opinions are strong and held with tenacity; the tendency is to pessimism, sometimes almost to grimness. The whole study is rough, blunt, meagre in femininity.

MAIRIE—You sweet wee thing! Just ten years old, and want your fortune told. I am sorry I did not open your small letter in time for birthday good wishes. I believe I know you, little one, and I send you my love and best wishes, but to tell your fortune is more than I, or anyone else can do. How well you spell; and though your writing is funny it is easily read, and I can see in it very good sense and a tender heart.

ADDIE—The Spencerian is natural to you. You have the grace for it and not the decision for the vertical. Do you live away down there? If so, I wish you would send me some information about the place, and also how to best reach it. You see I am turning the tables. 2. Your writing shows taste, sweet temper, some hope and a good deal of adaptability. Special instincts are strong and sequence of ideas good. You have much grace and tact. Should be a popular person.

LAZZIE, No. 2.—1. This lady asks a question

which will identify her study. If you work hard you could perfect yourself in stenography and typewriting in four or five months. Like everything else it depends on the capacity and zeal of the student. An expert gave me the above answer, as I confess not to have yet mastered the art of making chicken tracks or playing on the little piano. I am to do so very soon, the fates granting me time enough. Shall we meet and see who learns quickest? 2. Yours is a charming study. It shows fancy, dash and some humor, adaptability, a social nature, refinement, love of beauty, and a nature at once feminine, brave and constant. You can have and hold to your opinions and are conscientious.

BIDGET—It is an interesting study, with immense power and originality, and I am not at all sure that it is a happy or satisfied personage. Whatever trouble or care you have, my Irish girl, you will be apt to keep to yourself, but you have a tendency to despond, which is trying. You quite lack tact, think directly and act abruptly. 2. The June people are born under the sign Gemini, the twins, Castor and Pollux, with their two minds, which it is all work sometimes to harmonize. June people are therefore often undecided, changeable and restless. They want opposite and impossible things. The women are not so seriously handicapped as the men. They have not the choice of life work to make. You are somewhat susceptible, very bright, and apt to be cautious.

How a Sore Heals.

When the Blood is Pure and Rich it Will Heal Rapidly.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, who had Been Troubled With a Running Sore For More Than a Year.

From the *Times*, Owen Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey County, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley of East Linton P.O. Learning that his nephew, a young lad now about ten years of age, had been cured of a disease of his leg, which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the *Times* made enquiry, and we are convinced that the wonder working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, "Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong." Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said: "In the month of September, 1897, my nephew, Chester Gawley, who lives with us, became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run, and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitou, Manitoba, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg, which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong, healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Candid Opinion.

L'Aurore, Paris.

One knows the sentiments and interests against a war with the mighty English race. England is the refuge of liberty in the universal reactionary movement. A war with England would mean a catastrophe for humanity: it would mean utter ruin to France.

Not a Nice Boy.

"No," said Maud, emphatically, "I don't like him." "But he is very polite and amiable," suggested Marie, "and always has something interesting to read to you." "I know it. But he's the kind of young man who carries love-sick poetry in one pocket and items about typhoid and the cyster in another and germs and champagne."



Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea is not only the finest tea grown, but it is handled in the cleanest way at every stage of its course—from the gardens where it is gathered to the package sold at the dealers. Monsoon Tea is the only package tea which is thoroughly cleansed of all dust by vacuum exhaust, and it is served whole and pure to the buyer in lead packets only.

PACKARD'S
Special Combination
Leather Dressing
FOR
BOX-CALF
AND
ALL BLACK
SHOES,
WONT
WILL
Nourish
Sustain
Clean
Polish
Last.
ONCE BOUGHT
ALWAYS BOUGHT
WORTHY
OF YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE.
PACKARD makes it.
PACKARD of Montreal.
L. M. PACKARD & CO.

ADAMS'
Tutti-Frutti
AIDS DIGESTION.
FREE. A variety of very handsome and useful presents are sent free for the return of sets of coupons from Tutti-Frutti Gum. Get one.

Please Pass the Salt
You get it and on it goes, and down it goes. What impurities went down with it—can you guess?
WINDSOR SALT
is nothing but pure salt crystals. Grocers sell it.
The WINDSOR SALT CO., Limited
WINDSOR, Ont.

Tom from Green's
Trycophena treatments for the head and hair as given exclusively here will stop hair falling out in
FOUR DAYS
We examine heads and hair free of charge. We make Wigs, Ladies' Fronts, Switches, and all kinds of hair work to order.
TOM FROM GREEN'S
349 Yonge Street - opposite Elm Street



The Famous Mineral Salt Baths
OF ST. CATHARINES
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous Affections and Impurities of the Blood. Endorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and Allbutt's System of Medicine. Experienced physicians and attendants in Massage Treatment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLMSON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines.
Open the year round

BICYCLE
Lady's or Gentleman's
'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap
ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Any Engravings Published
In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited)
Toronto.

CORN CURE
A sure cure without pain - 25 Cents
W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

Studio and Gallery

Art is a subject around which have always hung clouds and fogs and mists. Artists and art critics themselves have scarcely been able to penetrate these envelopments sufficiently to discover the exact form and proportions and color of "art." If they have not been able to give its correct portrait to others, or if they themselves have not been quite agreed as to its lineaments, how much less value may be attached to the opinion of the individuals who have never given the subject much consideration! Yet mostly everybody viewing pictures records some mental approval or disapproval. It is "nice" or "not nice." They "like it" or "do not like it," although perhaps not ready with a reason why. More often it is the subject which appeals to the sympathies, not its manner of treatment. A knowledge of the technique of art is not an essential qualification of intelligent enjoyment of a picture. A sympathetic knowledge of nature, close and observant scrutiny of the objects and events of everyday life, is in part sufficient. Considering on the whole the infinite variety of minds and their as infinitely diversified points of view; the uncertainty surrounding the whole subject of art; the fashions of the times which change in the art world as elsewhere; the impossibility of the human mind to rid itself completely of its habits and prejudices, how little should the artist be exalted or depressed by public criticism of his work.

A good antidote for any unusual exaltation or depression by opinions may be found in a study of the lives of the great artists of the past. How hard-earned their popularity, how uncertain its tenure, how little real worth when obtained! Jean Antoine Gros, who, full of years and honors, threw himself into the Seine after reading unfavorable newspaper criticisms of some of his later works, was surely a misguided mortal. We admire the philosophical wisdom of Tintoretto, who closed his studio door on everybody—even the ubiquitous reporter—except his wife—and her we suspect he would have denied at times if he might—and his sitters. Outside, the small hall of criticism beat continuously, but it never struck the sheltered head of Tintoretto nor impeded him in his work. He was after art, not after public approval. There is an amusing story told that

shows the kind of criticism and advice which were bestowed upon him by the followers of Titian, the men of orthodox opinion on art matters. In the house of Jacopo Contarino the painters, literary men and well known characters frequently assembled. At one of the pleasant gatherings a person of that kindly, didactic spirit not unknown in any society, remarked in conversation with Tintoretto while looking at a girl's head by Titian, "If anyone wishes to know how to paint, that is the way." Tintoretto, who had been subjected perhaps once a week on an average to the same treatment for many years, endured the remark with calmness. He determined, however, to exhibit the shallowness of such popular opinion. He had an unfinished study of a head by Titian at his house. At the remote end of this canvas he painted a head of a lady, a neighbor of his. He varnished the Titian to impart to it the appearance of having been freshly painted; his own work he obscured—Ridolfi says, smoked. At the next meeting of the connoisseurs at Contarino's he displayed this dual picture. Everyone looked at it with great admiration. Remarkable instances of Titian's qualities were discovered in both heads, especially in the more obscure one. The commotion having subsided, Tintoretto claimed his own, much to the confusion of his judges.

Paint, then, artists, and never mind the critics. Time is the only justifier of all things. Time will reveal you.

A very nice collection of the works of some English artists is now on view at the art gallery of H. J. Matthews. Several good examples of English art are in it. The exhibition is to be continued into the first week of November. This is an opportunity for those who have not often an opportunity of seeing examples of English art.

Owen P. Staples, O. S. A., has much faith in the merits of pastels as an art medium. He has spent some time this summer exploiting their merits and has been very successful in proving some of their possibilities. A very nice collection of sketches and studies adorn the walls of his studio. Mr. Staples will be pleased, we feel sure, to show these to all interested in art on Saturday afternoons at his studio, 7 Maitland place.

Miss Lilian Evans of New York gave a very interesting lecture on the elements of beauty in art—the line, dark and light, and color—before the pupils of St. Margaret's College last Friday evening.

Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., for five years acting president of the Ontario Society of Artists, exhibits a collection of his water-colors this week and next at the gallery of Messrs. Roberts & Sons, 79 King street west. There are about one hundred pictures on the walls, comprising most of this artist's work during the last two years. Mr. Matthews himself considers it the best exclusively water-color collection he has yet shown. It comprises quite a variety of subjects, including landscapes, some of mountain character, others pas-



"Where are you going to, Alfred?" "Cissy and I are going to play football. Cissy has to scrummage me down if she can, and then she may jump on me, and if she doesn't I jump on her, and that's a touch-down to me."

toral and woodland, interspersed with a few coast scenes, sheep, cattle and figures. Visitors who love their own country better than foreign lands cannot fail to be interested, whatever their special views on art may be.

F. S. Challener's many friends are all welcoming him back to Toronto and civilization. Palestine's claim to be called the Holy Land lies not at all in the present state of its manners nor its morals. Desolation is written on the landscape, Iahabod on the people. Mohammedans decline to be made graven images of, and Jews to be object lessons for Christians. All are agreed, however, on the merits of Christian "bakhshish." Their ideas of the rights of personal property are somewhat oblique. In spite of these difficulties, however, Mr. Challener has succeeded in obtaining much valuable material for development in future work. We trust he will be able to realize some of his conceptions of Eastern life, particularly Biblical subjects. The aspect of the country has apparently changed so little from the days of Abraham, that Mr. Challener will have little difficulty, from an historical standpoint, in obtaining correct settings for his subjects.

There has been on view this week at the Pantechnetha a very dainty exhibit of china painting by Miss A. Juliet Howson and pupils. The pupils exhibiting are Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Kerr, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Mordant, Mrs. White, Miss Pugh and Miss Pearce.

"Alas, and alas!" says Miss McDougall in a letter to the *Chicago Evening Post*, "our 15,000 Polish fellow-citizens are about to present the city with an equestrian statue of Kosciuszko. Apparently, they have gone to work in the good old-fashioned way. They have selected a

sculptor on purely personal or racial grounds, and had their work done with few doubts as to whether it might prove worthy of adorning a great city, and none at all as to whether it would be accepted, worthy or not. On the latter point they may well feel confident. They represent 15,000 votes. It is possible that this special monument may be superior to others which well intentioned people have in like manner inflicted upon us. It is possible a sculptor unknown to fame can execute the difficult task of making a really good equestrian figure. But the probabilities are against both propositions. The way to secure a work of art worth having is precisely the same as the way to secure a satisfactory piece of engineering—either order it from a man who stands at the head of his profession, or submit it to the judgment of experts. When will Chicago, like Boston, New York and Washington, have a public art commission empowered to defend the city from disfigurement?"

A canvas which is reputed to be the finest example extant of the art of Sir Benjamin West is on the market. The painting, which contains seven life-size figures and fourteen others, represents The Raising of Lazarus. For a century it has filled a place over the high altar of Winchester Cathedral, England. The canvas is valued at \$12,500 and it is thought that it may soon find its way to the United States. JEAN GRANT.

The Appropriate Hymn.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event: "My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning Rev. Zachariah B. Day will

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nicked.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

18 THE MCCLARY MFG. CO., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

A WARNING

To those who have been refilling LEA & PERRINS' Sauce Bottles with certain concoctions and palming them off on the public as LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and to those who practice similar impositions in Hotels, Restaurants, &c. These illegal practices whereby the public are defrauded have become so general that MESSRS. LEA & PERRINS have determined to protect their trade and reputation, and have therefore instructed their agents, MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, to institute CRIMINAL proceedings against all parties found guilty of these frauds within the Dominion of Canada.

SUBSTITUTION OF THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

WE DON'T GIVE YOU DIRT Our coal comes to you as clean as it is possible to make it. It is all screened by hand—which means that each individual shovelful goes over the screen. We realize that when you buy COAL you don't want to pay for dirt—you want all coal, and that's what we try to give you. We feel safe in saying that cleaner coal can not be obtained than that which we will get by ordering from us. We have a 40 year's reputation for quality and weight. You can order from any of these phones—131, 132, 134, 135, 136, 210, 4483. **P. BURNS & CO., 38 King Street East**

preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn number 489, "That awful day will surely come."

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

She—Whatever shall I get you to eat while you are under the hands of the dentist? He (who has had his teeth extracted)—Oh, don't bother about me; I'll be all right; I'll chew gum.

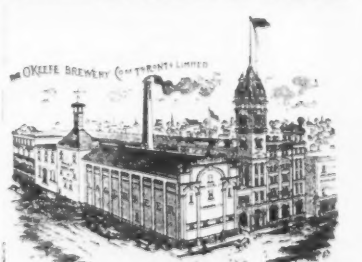
BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Areola Complexion Wafers, Poudre, Avenale Soap and Poudre are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Moth, Yellow, Red, Tan, Redness, Oilyness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These Preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Wafers, per box, 50c and \$1.49 per box. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to **H.B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto.** Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

PHRENOLOGY

Professor O'Brien Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and (only) scientific palmist; patronized by the elite. Photo read free to patrons. Open till 10 p.m. **401 Jarvis**

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 15 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection. **The O'Keefe Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Limited**

SMITH'S Toronto Dye Works

Tel. 2371 106 KING ST. WEST. Lace curtains and net curtains cleaned, 50c per pair; cream curtains, 60c per pair. Kid gloves cleaned to look equal to new. Dyeing and cleaning in all its branches.

The Many who Visited the "Rex" Studio...

during the week to examine the beautiful examples of photography under the "New Art Light" went away feeling convinced that there is more art in Photography than they ever supposed. Call at

08 Yonge Street

We Make Photographs

In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of

Views of the Principal Buildings and Points of Interest in Toronto

PARK BROS.

Telephone 1269 328 Yonge Street

As the autumn season is at hand we wish to remind our lady friends that we are ready to serve them with all the most desirable lines in Artists' Materials for...

CHINA PAINTING WATER COLOR PAINTING OIL COLOR PAINTING COMPRISING Colors Brushes Canvases Papers Gold for China, Etc., Etc.

THE E. HARRIS CO'Y, Limited 44 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

ARTISTS' COLORS

WINNOR & NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS are in constant demand by the best artists throughout the world for superior works of art. For sale at all art stores and not expensive.

A. RANNEY & SON Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Photo Buttons

They are the new fad and we are making them. The fashion is to exchange them with your friends. We make them plain or colored and mounted on a velvet shield. They look very pretty. Call and see them.

Also our **Pastel Photos**

Everything first-class.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West



Mailed to any address on trial, every week from now to January 1, 1899, on receipt of only Ten Cents

(Silver or Stamps)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has been published weekly since 1728—170 years—and is unique in illustration and literary excellence.

AMERICAN KINGS AND THEIR KINGDOMS

Will tell the stories of the several greatest money-monarchs of our country—how they acquired and how they retain their power.

THE POST'S SERIES OF PRACTICAL SERMONS

By the great preachers of the world; it gives real, personal, non-sectarian help toward better living.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP



A page bearing this title gives an entertaining collection of short bits of that sort of reading that one does not care to miss— anecdotes, information, the strange and the wonderful are all touched upon interestingly.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS A series of articles portraying our best-known actors in their home life, and showing its relation to their struggles and successes. The series will open in an early number with the "Personal Side of Sol. Smith Russell," to be followed by four others, profusely illustrated by photographs and original drawings.

The regular subscription price of the Post is \$2.50 per year. It is offered on trial for so small a sum simply to introduce it.

There are 16 pages every week, the same size as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and as handsomely illustrated and printed.

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Will deal with the week's foremost offering from American publishers—an extensive review will be given in many cases, a reading from the book itself, a brief story of the author's life—all fully illustrated.





MUSIC

Despite very unfavorable weather, the concert given in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening last by the Seidl Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry P. Schmitt, attracted an audience of about two thousand people. The very favorable impression created by the organization on the occasion of a previous visit, shortly after the death of Mr. Seidl, doubtless contributed largely to the attendance on the reappearance of the orchestra. The number of players present on this occasion, thirty-five, hardly sufficed for a satisfactory rendering of some of the heavier works on the programme. Remarkably good judgment, however, was again displayed by the programme-maker of the organization in the choice of works presented, which, whilst appealing to popular taste, at the same time satisfied the critically more exacting because of the charming variety offered by the various numbers, ranging, as they did, from Wagner's splendid Prelude and Finale from Tristan and Isolde, and Liszt's charming and dramatic symphonic poem, Les Preludes, to a transcription of Weber's Invitation to the Dance. In the lighter numbers the orchestra was heard to best advantage, the beauty of their phrasing and the charm of their ensemble being admirably illustrated in Massenet's La Vierge, Moszkowski's Minuet and Gounod's grotesque Funeral March of a Marionette. The concert proved that there is a growing desire on the part of the music-loving people of Toronto for orchestral programmes such as have now twice been given by the orchestra under Mr. Schmitt's direction. Were there more frequent opportunities of hearing orchestral music properly interpreted it is more than probable that public taste would be developed along this line to an extent which would make it possible to secure support for permanent local orchestral work on a scale which has not hitherto been the case here. The orchestra was enthusiastically received, and the conductor, Mr. Schmitt, who is by no means to be ranked with the more eminent orchestral conductors now before the American public, is entitled to much praise for the effect produced under manifold disadvantage, the playing of the organization at times being much beyond the "respectable" or common place. Miss Sara Anderson, the soprano soloist, who had not previously been heard in this city, won a pronounced and immediate success, being recalled no less than five times after her first number, Tchaikovsky's Jeanne d'Arc. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of rich and pure quality, and her singing at once revealed the artist and musician. The sympathy, expression and breadth of style manifested in her first number, and the piquancy and charm of her phrasing in a group of songs by McDowell (a composer, by the way, who is claimed by his friends to be the most gifted among English-speaking composers of the day), proved her to be a singer of unusually high attainments, who is certain to be heard from in the future as an artist in the front rank of her profession. The next concert of the Massey Hall series will be held on Nov. 1, when Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Signor Campanini and M. Ovide Musin will provide the programme.

Mr. Grinstead, the representative in Canada of the Associated Board of Examiners of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music, London, suggests the probability, in a circular letter which appeared in a local morning paper during the past week, of a visit to this country of either Sir Alexander Mackenzie or Sir Arthur Sullivan in order to inaugurate the examinations of the Associated Board in Canada. Such a move would be most heartily welcomed by all Canadian musicians, and more particularly by those who are opposing the examinations referred to. A personal visit to Canada of either of the eminent musicians referred to would certainly convince them of the false position being taken by the Hon. Secretary of the Associated Board in the matter of introducing the examinations of that organization into Canada. It would also demonstrate clearly that this country neither desires nor requires the examinations of the Board, and that the best musical interests of the Dominion demand that its musical educational policy, as well as its splendid general educational interests, be allowed to develop without outside interference. Like Dr. Vincent, who represented Trinity College, London, and whose recent visit to Canada impressed him with the justice of the position being taken by the leading musicians of the country in this matter, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Arthur Sullivan would doubtless be similarly impressed were they to personally view the field. It may be said that should the Associated Board begin operations here with any measure of success the woods would soon be full of similar Old Country schemes. Trinity College, London, would be certain to follow the example of the Associated Board, and the Incorporated Society of Musicians and other societies which are now actually organizing with that end in view would also be in the field engaging in the general scramble. Mr. Grinstead, in the circular letter mentioned above, exhibits a faith and confidence in the Associated Board which borders on the pathetic. His innocent statement that "every Canadian musician of note" will send up pupils as candidates for the trivial examinations of the Associated Board is creating no small

degree of merriment in local musical circles. He further assures us that after "expenses" are paid all profits go to found scholarships in this country. The whole matter has become so grotesque in the eyes of all who understand the situation that we cannot but regret that such honored institutions as the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music should be made the scapegoats of a scheme which, however honest the motives of its promoters may be, so sadly misrepresents the spirit and artistic work of the two justly famous music schools mentioned.

The re-engagement of Gerike to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been furnishing material for considerable comment in musical journals regarding the prospects of the famous organization mentioned under the conductor who contributed so materially in advancing the fame of the orchestra some years ago. As a disciplinarian and drill master, Gerike is said to have been the most successful conductor the Boston orchestra has ever had, the technique and ensemble of the organization, it is claimed by many critics, having reached its highest development during his former regime in the Hub. Others contend that under Nikisch the orchestra played with greater musical force and effect, but technically there appears to have been a retrogression from the high standard set by Gerike some years previously. A New York critic in a recent article gives some interesting details of Gerike's methods which cannot but prove interesting to all who desire to keep in touch with orchestral matters. Among other things he says: "Gerike spared no one in the rigidity of his discipline, not even himself. He put his iron grip on the men, and each player became only one-eighth of the band. One principal player who had been addicted to talking at rehearsals a great deal was nipped at once by Gerike and told that 'he was hired to play and not to talk.' When asked afterwards how he liked Gerike as a conductor, he replied: 'I tell you we don't have some pianists with him, you bet.' Gerike treated the players all alike, however. One day, when he was explaining to the band how he wished something to be played, upon looking about to see that every man was listening, he discovered his concertmaster busy marking the bowing in some violin parts. Gerike lit on him and raked him down after the most approved manner for setting such an example to the other players. To the everlasting credit of Gerike in his fining and perfecting process let it be said he squelched the roof-lifting brass-players of the band. Strange to relate, most critics used to howl in those days for 'more freedom of the brass.' Normal tone production didn't seem to sufficiently ravish their musical souls. These same gentlemen would rip a pianist up the back who pouted even a little, and yet they would call for the brass to be 'let out' like a savage bulldog on his helpless victim. They would praise the delicacy of the strings, and the wood wind, but from the brass it was *gone* they wanted, regardless of musical proportions and proprieties."

M. Paderewski contributes the following interesting remarks to the September number of Sandow's magazine, *Physical Culture*, on the subject of the association of pianoforte playing with muscular strength. The great pianist remarks: "It is highly desirable that he who strives to attain the highest excellence as a performer on the pianoforte should have well-developed muscles, a sound nervous system, and, in fact, be in as good general health as possible. It might be thought that practice on the pianoforte in itself would bring about the necessary increase in muscular power and endurance. This, however, is not altogether the case, as, though undoubtedly playing does in some cases develop muscles by constant use, in other cases it has a distinctly debilitating effect owing to the muscles being kept cramped and unused. The chief muscles actually used are those of the hand, the forearm, neck, small of the back, and the shoulders. The latter only come into play in striking heavy chords for which the hands and arms are considerably raised from the keys: in light playing the work is chiefly done from the wrists, and, of course, the forearm muscles which raise and lower the fingers. "It is not so much that greater strength of muscle will give greater power for the pianoforte, but rather that the fact of the muscles being in good condition will help the player to express his artistic talent without so much effort. To play for a great length of time is often very painful and distressing. The strain on the neck and shoulders—on the trapezius and deltoid muscles which govern the movement of the shoulders and arms—becomes at times almost unbearable, and you cannot expect a player to lose himself in his art, and to throw all his powers and feelings into his work, when every movement of his hands is provocative of discomfort, if not actual pain. Sometimes, indeed, a great amount of playing brings on a special form of complaint known as 'pianist's cramp,' which may so affect the muscles and nerves that the unfortunate artist, thus afflicted, finds his occupation gone. "I have frequently found that though, whilst playing, I have experienced no trouble from my muscles being overtaxed, afterwards the reaction has set in, and I have had no little exhaustion and weakness in the muscles of the shoulders and neck, and I have also suffered from severe neuralgic pains affecting the nerve which runs from the head and conveys impulses from the brain to the deltoid muscle. Weakness in the small of the back has also been by no means uncommon."

According to recently published statistics, Wagner's works continue to dominate the German stage. Recent reports published at Bayreuth also show an in-

crease of the number of performances in other countries. From July 1, 1896, to June 30, 1897, there were given in German 1,114 performances of Wagner's operas, an increase of fifty-one over the previous year. The performances took place in eighty-nine cities, and were distributed thus: Nine hundred and forty performances were given in 71 German, 101 in ten Austrian, 36 in four Swiss, 21 in two Russian cities, nine in London and four in Amsterdam. The proportion of performances was as follows: Lohengrin, 287; Tannhauser, 208; Flying Dutchman, 148; Walkure, 107; Meistersinger, 104; Siegfried, 58; Gotterdammerung, 44; Tristan, 41; Rheingold, 38, and Rienzi, 20. About 300 performances were given in the Egyptian, Flemish, Bohemian, Danish, English, French, Dutch, Italian, Swedish, Spanish and Hungarian languages in various countries.

The recent representative gathering of musicians of this province, which took place in the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm street, several weeks ago, and at which fully fifty prominent members of the profession were present, comes in for some attention at the hands of a Mr. Ashford Jones of this city, who writes a letter to the *Globe* claiming that but from ten to twenty people were in attendance, including those who "opposed" and those who favored the resolution then carried. Mr. Jones appears to have a remarkably short memory. Had he delayed for several weeks longer giving his post-mortem impressions of the meeting referred to, it would probably have dwindled, in his imagination, to an audience of one, that one being the solitary opponent of the resolution, Mr. Ashford Jones himself.

Mr. Harry Field, the well known Toronto pianist, continues a most successful career in Germany, where he has just given a series of twelve piano recitals in as many cities of the empire. He returned to Leipzig on the 20th of September, and has resumed his teaching there. His next concert appearance will be in Berlin on the 28th of this month, when he will be assisted by Miss Joachim, (soprano), niece of the great violinist of the same name. According to reports which have reached me from Canadian music students now residing in Germany, who have recently heard Mr. Field, his progress as a soloist is winning the highest commendation of the most eminent critics of the Fatherland.

"Above all," says a standard author on voice production and preservation, "avoid highly spiced meats, sausages, and the like." "But," says the *Musical Times*, "we hear of a new tenor, possessing a most brilliant, flexible, and sympathetic voice, who has just been 'discovered' at a desk in the office of his father, one of the leading sausage manufacturers of Carlsruhe! This young man, Herr Heinrich Hensel, recently sang on trial at the Freiburg Stadt-Theater, and we learn that he was at once permanently engaged by the impresario who discovered him. It may perhaps be said, in vindication of the authority we have quoted, that Herr Hensel carefully abstained from any consumption of the paternal produce."

A letter has been received from Mr. Samuel Aitken, honorary secretary of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., in which that gentleman deals with the criticisms of SATURDAY NIGHT on the examination schemes of the organization named. Mr. Aitken in his letter, which will appear in next week's issue, practically, but, of course, unintentionally, confirms all that has been said concerning the subject in these columns relative to the financial aspect of the Associated Board's "philanthropy." A word from the astute secretary of the Associated Board just at this stage will doubtless be awaited with interest by the profession.

According to London *Truth*, North Scotland, Yorkshire, Lancashire and the west of England appear to be at present the happy hunting-ground of traders in musical diplomas, certificates and the like. *Truth* expresses a hope that reputable papers all over England will editorially deal with this matter, and says: "It cannot be to the interests of high-class newspapers that for the sake of a few wretchedly trivial advertisements they should allow their readers to be gulled into paying for ridiculous hoods and gowns, and for diplomas not worth the parchment or paper upon which they are printed."

Mr. Harry Woodland, organist at Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa, was presented with a silver mounted walking-cane by the members of the choir, as a parting gift on the occasion of his retirement to accept a position elsewhere. The address extended assurances of esteem, as well as admiration, of recipient's excellent gift as a musician and leader, and asked acceptance of the accompanying staff as a tangible evidence of gratitude for persistent efforts in bringing up the choir to its present standard of efficiency, and as a token of affection, and wished him a long and happy life.

Miss Detta Ziegler, the accomplished soprano, who has been engaged as soprano soloist of Sherbourne street Methodist church choir, is open for engagements in oratorio, recital and concert work. Miss Ziegler comes to Toronto with highest testimonials as to her talents as a singer and teacher of voice culture. In Detroit and other United States cities she has appeared with most gratifying success, and her press notices are uniformly complimentary. Her studio and address is 423 Sherbourne street.

Mr. Holmes Cowper, the Chicago tenor, to whom reference has recently been made in these columns, sings next week in Manitoba, appearing in concerts at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon. He also comes to Ontario the first week in November, singing at Niagara Falls, Dundas, Port Hope and other places.

St. Andrew's church has just lost a

very popular singer in Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, who has severed her connection with the choir. Her successor is Miss Carrie Lash, who has just returned from a successful concert tour across the continent. Miss Lash has long been recognized as one of our most able contraltos, and is a pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

According to the *Concert goer* a new Conservatory of Music, on an elaborate scale, is being organized in Detroit.

Too Willing.
"Dear Sue," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"
"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly.
"And would he give us a house of our own?"
"I know he would, dearest."
"And would he give us enough to live sumptuously on?"
"I am sure of it, Harry."
"And would he take me into the firm?"
"Certainly he would."
"And let me run the business to suit myself?"
"Of course he would, darling."
She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly. "I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too eager to get you off his hands."

The Old Story.
"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"
"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter, by way of reply.
"Of course I do."
"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."
Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.

An Observant Child.
It is said that once when Bismarck was leaving home in 1866, his youngest son asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. At that moment a servant came in to enquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Prince's luggage.
"Twenty-four," was the answer.
"Ah, papa," cried out the terrible infant, "now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days."

The Better Way.
It is said that a French painter one day visited the Salon in Paris in company with a friend who was a member of the committee of selection, and who had been instrumental in securing the acceptance of the painter's work. When the artist came near his picture he exclaimed:
"Good gracious! you're exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!"
"Hush!" was the reply; "the committee refused it the other way."

Amateur actress—Didn't I act the part well? Her Friend (ambiguously)—When you left the stage the audience said it was the best thing you ever did.—*Bazar*.
Jack—I don't see why you call her a queer girl just because she told you to see her papa when you proposed. Algy—Ya-as; but perhaps you don't know that her papa has been dead for five years.—*Judge*.
INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 9, 1898
PRESIDENT
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
Largest Music School and Strongest Faculty in Canada
ATTENDANCE 922 LAST YEAR
ARTISTS & TEACHERS GRADUATE ARTISTS
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME
CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal
Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthopedy, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Posing, Literature.
EDWARD FISHER
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music
SPECIALIST in training
PIANO STUDENTS for
THE PROFESSION
MR. RECHAB TANDY, Oratorio and Concert Tenor of the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace and Principal London (England) Concerts. Teacher of best method of Voice Production and Artistic Singing. Pupils received at all times. Voices heard and classified. Write for appointment. Concert Engagements accepted. Address, Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ont., Canada

THE SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE
OF TORONTO
Is open for engagements. Complete programmes supplied if required. Address—J. M. SHERLOCK, Solo Manager, Room 5, Nordheimer's, Toronto, Ont.
FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Graduate Prof. Martin Krause, Leipzig
Pianoforte Playing, Theory and Composition
Toronto College of Music, 236 Sherbourne st.
MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 61 Pembroke Street.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
Pupil of the late Madam Sellar and of Edward Hayes, Principal of School of Vocal Science, New York.
Vocal teacher St. Margaret's College, Private studio room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church, Musical Director of Demill Ladies' College, St. Catharines. Residence, 570 Jarvis St.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, 18 Dundas Street. Telephone 1665.

MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER
... Soprano ...
Vocal Culture Studio—423 Sherbourne Street
Soprano soloist Toronto Methodist Church

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
OF Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 25 Grassi Street, or Prof. Martin Krause, 25 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School.
13 Dundas Road. Rosedale.

MISS ADA E. S. HART
CONCERT PIANIST
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetzky of Vienna (teacher of Paderewski)
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or 14 Harbord Street.

W. J. McNALLY
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church. Studio—25 Sussex Avenue.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING AND PIANO LESSONS
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS
Soprano. Rosin House. Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's building, 15 King Street East.

HAMILTON
Conservatory of Music
HAMILTON, Ontario
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director
A thorough education in music provided in all its branches. Candidates for University examination in music prepared by correspondence. Write for Prospectus, giving full particulars as to fees, etc.



PRINCIPAL MUSICAL COLLEGE in Canada
Offers unsurpassed advantages for a thorough course of study by the most advanced modern methods in all branches of music and elocution. Fall Term begins Sept. 1st. Send for full particulars. F. H. TORRINGTON, Director, 12 and 14 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

MR. ARTHUR VAN DER LINDE
VOICE PRODUCTION AND STYLE
Will receive pupils at Studio 5, Nordheimer's, until October 1st, when he will return to his New York studio in "The Alpine," corner 33rd and Broadway.

MR. AND MRS. KLINGENFELD
Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory
New York (date of Toronto)
132 E. 47th Street.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
PRIVATE PIANO INSTRUCTION
Training students for the profession and finished piano playing a specialty. Also harmony, composition, etc.
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E., Toronto.

E. W. SCHUCH
Voice Culture
and Expression in Singing
Studio and residence
71 SPADINA ROAD

John E. Turton
Character and Descriptive Vocalist
At liberty for concert engagements.
Address care Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, Toronto

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
Has resumed instruction in
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING.
Training soloists to fill church and teaching positions a specialty. Reception hours at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, 3, 4, Mondays and Thursdays. Residence, 4 Pembroke St.

MADAME ANNA FARINI
DIPLOME LEIPZIG CONSERVATOIRE
Pupil of Paul Reinecke, Hindworth and Liszt, will accept a limited number of pupils. Terms on application. Reception hours—2 to 4 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays.
Residence—631 Church Street.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO TENOR
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

\$30 SCHOLARSHIP
Offered by the HEINTZMAN PIANO CO at the
Toronto Junction College of Music
All names must be in by Nov. 5th.

THE SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE
OF TORONTO
Is open for engagements. Complete programmes supplied if required. Address—J. M. SHERLOCK, Solo Manager, Room 5, Nordheimer's, Toronto, Ont.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Graduate Prof. Martin Krause, Leipzig
Pianoforte Playing, Theory and Composition
Toronto College of Music, 236 Sherbourne st.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 61 Pembroke Street.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
Pupil of the late Madam Sellar and of Edward Hayes, Principal of School of Vocal Science, New York.
Vocal teacher St. Margaret's College, Private studio room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church, Musical Director of Demill Ladies' College, St. Catharines. Residence, 570 Jarvis St.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, 18 Dundas Street. Telephone 1665.

MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER
... Soprano ...
Vocal Culture Studio—423 Sherbourne Street
Soprano soloist Toronto Methodist Church

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
OF Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 25 Grassi Street, or Prof. Martin Krause, 25 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School.
13 Dundas Road. Rosedale.

MISS ADA E. S. HART
CONCERT PIANIST
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetzky of Vienna (teacher of Paderewski)
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or 14 Harbord Street.

W. J. McNALLY
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church. Studio—25 Sussex Avenue.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING AND PIANO LESSONS
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS
Soprano. Rosin House. Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's building, 15 King Street East.

HAMILTON
Conservatory of Music
HAMILTON, Ontario
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director
A thorough education in music provided in all its branches. Candidates for University examination in music prepared by correspondence. Write for Prospectus, giving full particulars as to fees, etc.

NEW MUSIC
Six Real Gems SONGS
By BIANCO
ONE PANG OF SORROW
Key Bb, compass b to d. 50c
SURRENDERED
Key Bb, compass b to d. 50c
MY HEART'S ABLAZE
Key E, compass e to e. 50c
SADDLE MY HORSE
Key Bb, compass b to d. 50c
HARBORLAND
Key Bb, compass b to d. 50c
THE MONSTER OF THE DEEP
Key F, compass f to d. 50c
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO MALE QUARTETTE
Mr. ARTHUR L. E. DAVIES, Musical Director, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

OJJA-TEKHA
Anglo-Indian actor. Open for engagements.
J. O. BRANT-SERO, Hamilton.

MADAME STUTTFORD, VOICE
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablache), Voice Culture, Italian method; correct breathing. Terms moderate. 183 Church Street.

MRS. ANNIE E. JURY
SOPRANO
Voice production and artistic piano playing. Studio—38 Alexander Street.

MR. A. B. JURY—Organist and Choirmaster Bond Street Congregational Church. Voice production a specialty. Piano and organ. Studio, 38 Alexander Street.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Church and Concert engagements a specialty.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street. Thorough instruction in Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Cons'ry of Music, Ontario Ladies' Coll., Whitby.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
71 Jarvis St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.,
Graduate University of Toronto, certificated teacher VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 530 Church St., Toronto. Residence, 70 Beaconsfield Ave.

G. H. OZBURN, Teacher Guitar,
Mandolin and Banjo, at Conservatory of Music, Hamilton; Wade's Temple of Music, Bradford. Metropolitan College of Music, Toronto. Residence, 70 Beaconsfield Ave.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Teacher of Pianoforte
Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field. 591 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church. Piano, Organ and Musical Theory. 46 Phoebe Street.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 240 Simcoe St.

STAMMERING, ETC.
Consult Messrs. Church and Byrne, specialists. CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE INSTITUTE, 9 Pembroke Street.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 2 Alfre St.
Near Yonge St.
Maker and Repairer of Violins, &c.

DENTISTRY.
N. PEARSON
DR. CHAS. E. PEARSON
DENTISTS
Tel. 1978
130 Yonge Street, Toronto
Porcelain fillings and bridgework, gold crown and bridgework. Fees moderate.

EDUCATIONAL.
St. Margaret's
COLLEGE
TORONTO
Cor. Bloor & Spadina Ave.
A SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Modern equipment. Teachers in every department qualified for similar positions in Collegiate Institutes. Nine in Academic, 13 in Musical and 4 in the Art Department. Six resident governesses. Careful supervision. Large grounds for physical exercises. Reopens Sept. 14th. For Prospectus apply to Mrs. GEORGE JACKSON, Lady Principal.

British
American
Business
College
Y.M.C.A. Building
Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto.
Enter any date.
Write for free
[LIMITED] Prospectus to
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant
Principal

METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF DANCING
N. J. PAGE, Principal
Corner College and Spadina Avenue
Room 29
Very Select Classes Now Forming
Juniors—Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Ladies and Gentlemen—Evening, 8 p.m.
Private lessons by appointment at any hour.
Fancy dancing of every description.
Circulars at Messrs. Nordheimer, and Whaley, Royce & Co's.

DRESSMAKING.
MISS L. PLUMMER—MODISTE
4 College St. Tailor made and Evening Dress a specialty. Terms moderate. Ladies' own materials made up. Room 28.

AUTUMN MODES
MILLINERY AND
DRESSMAKING
See the latest novelties in French Pattern Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Wings, etc.

Mrs. A. Black, 57 King St. West

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG
41 King Street West
Has just received a choice assortment of
PARISIAN and AMERICAN NOVELTIES
Also the newest designs in
Hats and Bonnets

MUSIC

SONGS

By BIANCO

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

50c

Social and Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Anna Fitzgerald left the city on Monday for Utica, N. Y., where they visit for a fortnight before joining the rest of the family at Hartford, Conn.

Mr. George Sears of Pembroke street is in New York at present.

Two visitors from the South, Mrs. Osborne and her little daughter, are on pension at Mrs. Thorne's, Blooi street.

Mrs. and the Misses Price of Bedford road have left town to spend some months in England and on the Continent.

The many friends of Dr. Garnet Hunter of Toronto University will regret to learn of his departure from Toronto to New Canada, Conn., where he will in future practice his profession.

Fraulein Pauline Holtermann, who teaches German in five weeks, will give one course of lessons in Toronto, and in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, November 1, will lecture on How to Learn to Speak, Read and Write German in Five Weeks. This will be a highly interesting as well as instructive evening, and students and others interested in languages are invited to attend. There will be no charge for admission.

Dr. Capon has returned from England, but Mrs. Capon will remain in Montreal until about November 1, when they expect to be ensconced in their new home, 18 College street.

The English cricketers who were detained through illness are at present visiting Col. Sweny. Mr. Penn, whose illness has been severe, leaves for home Sunday accompanied by his physician, Dr. Winnett.

Miss Ella Stone is drilling the pupils of Loretto Academy in solo and chorus work for the concert which closes the fall term about Dec. 1.

The Sons of Scotland are to be congratulated on the splendid concert programme they have arranged for the Massey Music Hall next Tuesday evening. Marie Decca of New York, called "the American Jenny Lind," will appear, supported by Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton and Harold Jarvis of Detroit, and many local artists, including Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson, violinist, who thus makes her first appearance after three years' study in Germany.

A telegram from Fort McLeod on Thursday announced the dangerous illness of Mrs. Ernest Rolph, who left here so recently a bonny bride. Mrs. Rolph (nee McMichael) has many friends here who were sorry to hear of her illness.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Burroughs and Miss Etta Dancy took place on Thursday at the Carlton street Methodist church. Mrs. Burroughs will hold a reception on October 27 at 137 Gerrard street east, from 8 to 10 p.m.

Sir Richard Cartwright spent some days in town this week. Mrs. Simpson of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. Barker, Cecil street. Miss Ford of Kingston is visiting Miss Marion Barker.

Mrs. DuMoulin and Mrs. Alder Bliss were down from Hamilton on Tuesday for a day's shopping. Both looked very well.

On Sunday the various members of the Julia Arthur Company were entertained by friends in different parts of the city. The talented and fascinating Julia herself went to Clover Hill for a bright hour. Mr. Thorold and Mr. Brown, very demure in comparison to their stage roistering, were of Miss Bessie Hees' company for five o'clock tea, and were also entertained at the New Coleman at dinner during their stay in town. Mr. Herbert Fortier was tendered a supper by some of his Toronto friends Friday evening.

Mr. Harry Hay of the Molsons Bank is away on vacation. Miss Nettie Muir of Port Dalhousie spent several days in town this week, and was a guest at the hop at the R.C.Y.C. club-house on Monday. Mrs. George Hees returned from Oswego last Friday. Miss Florence Tonkin is expected on a visit next month.

The engagement of Mr. George Caruthers and Miss Clara Wright of Port Huron is announced.

Mrs. Mulholland spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street. She came up for the Buchanan-Badgerow wedding.

A beautiful sight is a navel orange tree of goodly proportions bearing flowers, ripe and unripe fruit, which is shown in Tidy's pretty flower shop in King street west.



LOST!

Put Wilson's Invalids' Port on the track of a lost appetite and its speedy recovery is assured. It tones the stomach, invigorates the system and restores to its owner that which was lost.

Wilson's Invalids' Port

Is a rich ruby port with Peruvian Bark in proportion prescribed by the English and French Pharmacopoeias. 'Tis an ideal appetizer.

WHOLESALE AGENTS: LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., MONTREAL

For the TOILET

Maynard's

CLUB GLYCERINE SOAP

PERFUMED WITH OTTO OF ROSES

Mr. Woodburn Osborne returned from abroad on a visit to his people at Clover Hill on Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Fitzgerald have left Toronto for good. They will be greatly missed by their friends.

The engagement of Miss Florence Lee Sheridan, a graduate and M.A. of Toronto University, and a very sweet and lovely girl, and Capt. George R. Gray, the noted athlete, is announced. Capt. Gray comes from Coldwater, Ont., and now resides in New York.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis is over on a visit from Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope of Montreal have also been spending some time in town. Miss Willard has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Holmstead of St. Alban street.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt are back from the North-West. Their elegant new home in Sherbourne street is nearing completion.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS

NEXT WEEK Oct. 24 to 29

THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

THE NANCY HANKS

A High-Class Play. A Story of a "Salted" Gold Mine

Company Better Than Ever and Headed by the Author

Frank Tannehill, Jr.

Others are: Lillian Allyn, Miss Carlotta, Georgie Lingard, Mrs. F. A. Tannehill, Ollie Lowe, Harry Beresford (in his original amusing impersonation of the French Marquis), Taylor Williams, Frank Caldwell, Etc.

GERMAN IN FIVE WEEKS.

Fraulein Pauline Holtermann will give an interesting address on "How to learn to speak, read, and write German in five weeks," in St. George's Hall, Elm Street

On TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, at 8 p.m.

Fraulein Holtermann will fully explain the method she uses and will also teach a lesson in German, which will be understood by all. Fraulein Holtermann has devoted four years to the development of her method, and her brilliant success has convinced the most un-believing that it is the true and only one. This method is an evolution from several methods. Fraulein Holtermann cordially invites all to attend her five-trial lectures on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, November 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Admission Free. Come, you will be entertained and instructed.



PRINCESS

Ninth Week | Matinees Every Day

Beginning Monday Oct. 24th

The Cummings Stock Company

PRESENTS

JIM ... THE ... PENMAN

A. M. Palmer's Greatest Success

The Best Production of this Great Play Ever Seen in Toronto

PRICES AS USUAL

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR

At Homes, Banquets

Assemblies, Lectures

Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, ventilated by electric fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen with ranges. Also retiring and dressing-rooms on the same floor.

For full particulars apply to A. M. CAMPBELL, Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

THE WM. DICKSON CO.

Artist's Sale of Paintings

BY M. Matthews, R.C.A.

In the Galleries of Messrs. Roberts & Son, 79 KING STREET WEST

ON THURSDAY, 27th OCT., at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. Matthews has instructed us to sell his whole collection without reserve. It comprises the work of about two years past, and will be open for inspection from Saturday, 22nd, to date of sale. Terms, cash.

W.M. DICKSON, Auctioneer.

SCOTTISH CONCERT

MASSEY HALL, OCT. 25th, at 8 p.m.

The following celebrated Artists will appear: Madame Marie Decca, New York; (American Jenny Lind); Lina Drechsler-Adamson, Violin Virtuoso (just returned from Germany); Mrs. Jean Mackelcan, Contralto; Hamilton; Harold Jarvis, Detroit; George W. Grant; James Fox; Juvenile Highland Dancers; Pipe-Major Heaton; Mr. H.M. Bright, Accompanist.

All seats reserved at 25c. and 50c. Plan open at Massey Hall 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON

... VIOLINIST ...

Teacher at the Conservatory of Music

Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra

Residence—61 Bloor Street East

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON..



Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, are filled with pure tea, selected from the crops of the best cultivated tea gardens of India and Ceylon. They are packed in 1/4 and 1 lb. packets, air tight, and sold all over America at 40c., 50c. 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb. No matter which quality is selected, the purchaser gets good, pure tea.

... THE BEST OF TEA VALUES.



Central Business College

AND SCHOOL OF

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING AND TELEGRAPHY

Yonge and Gerrard streets, Toronto

Practical work. Experienced teachers. Splendid equipment.

28 Members admitted at any time. Write for prospectus.

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

THE CLOTHES PRESSING CO.

OF TORONTO LIMITED.

DON'T DO IT YOURSELF

Your time and energy are worth more to you than the trifle we charge.

23 JORDAN STREET (Telephone 8088)

BOYS can be well dressed for a small outlay when their clothing is bought from Oak Hall. The latest Fall and Winter Novelties in Reefers, Over coats and Suits are displayed in our west window.

OAK HALL, CLOTHIERS

115 to 121 King St. East Opp. the Cathedral, Toronto

THE VERY BEST

ROGERS COAL

Head Offices:

20 King St. West

Toronto

6 James St. North

Hamilton

Entertain Your Guests

In comfort—let us do the catering and relieve you of all trouble.

We can provide everything you desire and serve it faultlessly to any number of guests.

We excel in Fancy Ices and Artistic Novelties.

Giles

719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND

Public Accountant and Auditor

Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.

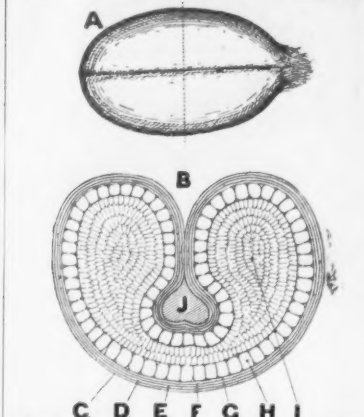
Phone 1641

Kahnert & Herud FURRIERS

80 Yonge Street

Fourth door North of King.

NATURAL PERFECTION



HA—represents a grain of wheat greatly magnified. B—a cross section, cut on dotted line. C—the first bran coat, which furnishes necessary bulk or waste food. D and E—mineral matter or salts that build the bones; and nitrogenous matter that builds the muscles. F and G—a cerealine substance that gives flavor and color to the grain and contains a ferment which aids in digestion of all starchy foods. H—gluten cells which build the tissues and muscles of the body. I—the starch grains and small gluten cells, supplying heat and energy to the body, and is the part from which white flour is made. J—the germ or vital principle, in which are the minerals or phosphates that feed brain and nerve.

The germ, bran coats and a large part of the gluten are taken out in the manufacture of white flour, thus destroying the natural proportion, and failing to supply nourishment for bone, teeth, nerve, brain and muscle.

SHREDDED WHEAT BRISLEY are made from all of the perfect whole grain.

WHEAT-SHRED DRINK is made of WHEAT barley, and the least bit of sugar.

A cook book, entitled "THE VITAL QUESTION," illustrated in natural colors, mailed free to all sending their addresses to

THE NEW ERA COOKING SCHOOL

Worcester, Mass.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

PRICES:

Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.

Good set, \$4.

22k Gold Crowns \$5.

Gold Fillings \$1 up.

Silver Fillings 75c.

Teeth without Plate, \$5.

ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

H. A. GALLOWAY, L. D. S.

Phone 701. 25 Queen East.

... THE NEW ...

Coleman Restaurant

Where the finest table Delicacies are obtainable.

TABLE D'HOTE from 6 to 9

LUNCH, a la Carte

D'Alessandro Orchestra every evening from 6 to 8, and 10 to 12.

ALBERT WILLIAMS

113 King St. West

October's Child

is born for woe.

But lay an Opiol on her breast

And hope will lull those woes to rest.

Our Specially Selected Opals

with their fascinating play of

vivid lights are particularly

charming. No need for you to

buy inferior Stones, when our

prices for first-class Opals are

so very low.

SGHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS

150 YONGE ST.

INSURANCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1710

The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

SUN FIRE

Insurance Office, of London, England

Head Office, Canadian Branch, TORONTO

H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.

Surplus over capital and all other liabilities

\$7,000,000

HIGGINBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents

15 Wellington Street East

Telephone 128

The Wabash Railroad

With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most

perfect railway system in America. The

great winter tourist route to the south

and west, including the famous Hot

Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt

of the New World; Texas and California,

the land of sunshine and flowers. Passen-

gers going by the Wabash reach their destination

in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities

than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent,

north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.



HERCULES WIRE BEDS
Means perfection in bed comfort

The patent interlacing wires is the secret of their wonderful strength and comfort. Take no other make. Manufactured by Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co. Two large factories. Toronto

Fabrics and Colors for Gentlemen.

Except for day and evening dress, gray mixtures predominate. Browns, greens and blues are not popular, though they will be correct in subdued shades and mixtures. Nearly everything that has a pattern is a modest stripe, or check, or plaid, but odd effects in mixtures and weaves, very subdued, are popular. Hard-finished materials are much more favored than the soft, hairy fabrics which have been so long popular, and, as a consequence, edges will be more frequently bound than for years. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is showing a very exclusive range which includes all these fashionable mixtures and fabrics, and he will be pleased to show you examples of stylish garments made up from them.

Monsieur Masson of Victoria University has resumed his French classes and is forming a special class for young children, and another special practical conversation class for those contemplating a trip to the Paris exhibition. 93 St. Joseph street.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. Telephone 679

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
BUSINESS HEALTH OR PLEASURE

If you are contemplating a trip, East or West, North or South, to the Atlantic Seaside or the Pacific Coast; to any quarter of the globe, it will pay you to favorably consider the advantages offered by the most unique railway system in the world.
BUSINESS—It passes through or has access to every city or important town in the Dominion of Canada.
HEALTH—Some of the most renowned health resorts and mineral springs are situated on its lines; with its connections all others are reached.
PLEASURE—No grander scenery can be found along the line of any other railway.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

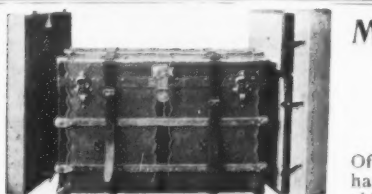
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Hunters' Excursions

From Brockville and West in Canada to Penetang, Midland, Severn to North Bay, inclusive; Argyll to Cobouck, inclusive; Cameron to Halliburton, inclusive, and all points on Muskoka Lakes, via Muskoka Navigation Company.

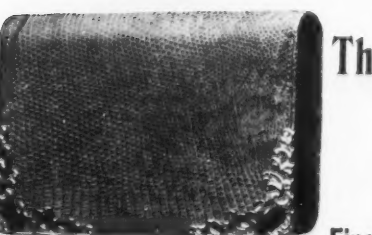
Tickets will be issued Wednesday, Oct. 26, to Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1898, inclusive at

Special Excursion Fares

Tickets will be good to return, leaving destination not later than Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1898, or until close of navigation (if earlier), to points reached by Muskoka Navigation Company.
Stop over only allowed at points Severn and North.
Full information from G. T. R. Agents, or from
M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.



BASKET TRUNKS
DRESS TRUNKS
STEAMER TRUNKS



The Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co.
Limited
105 KING ST. WEST
MAKERS OF
Fine Traveling and Leather Goods

The Bon Marche

A Big Sensation will be caused among the Ladies of Toronto when they read this, as it announces the

SPECIAL SALE OF

SILK WAISTS, BLOUSES AND UNDERSKIRTS

that have just arrived, and of which our Mr. Cousineau bought such large quantities recently in London and Paris.

NOTE THESE SPECIAL PRICES

Silk Blouses

LADIES' STYLISH SILK BLOUSES—in various patterns, assorted—worth \$4, sale price, **\$2.50**

ANOTHER LINE OF HANDSOME SILK BLOUSES, made with newest sleeve and very fine designs, worth \$8, sale price, **\$5.00**

Silk Shirt Waists

LADIES' CHECK AND STRIPED SILK SHIRT WAISTS—made bias, tucked front, elegant quality of silk, worth \$6.00, special sale price, **\$4.00**

LADIES' ELEGANT BLACK TAFFETTA SILK SHIRT WAISTS—beautifully tucked in newest style, extra quality, worth \$6.00, special sale price, **\$4.00**

LADIES' BEAUTIFUL PLAID SILK VELVET SHIRT WAISTS—very new designs, worth \$6.00, sale price, **\$3.50**

LADIES' LOVELY PLAIN VELVET SHIRT WAISTS—in black, red and green, worth \$5.00, special price, **\$3.50**

Silk Underskirts

LADIES' BEAUTIFUL RUSTLING SILK UNDERSKIRTS—in all the new evening shades; also dark shades in Shot Silk, double corded, deep frill, faced, worth \$7.00, extra special for **\$4.00**

ANOTHER LINE OF LADIES' RUSTLING SILK UNDERSKIRTS, in all shades and shot effects, deep corded frill and lined throughout with flannel, worth \$8.00, sale price **\$5.00**

LADIES' BLACK MOIRE ANTIQUE SILK UNDERSKIRTS, with black and colored stripes, deep corded, frill-faced, worth \$8.00, extra special for **\$5.00**

ANOTHER LINE OF ELEGANT BLACK DUCHESSE SATIN UNDERSKIRTS, with colored satin stripes of pink, mauve, red and blue, flannel lined, corded frill, worth \$10.00, sale price **\$6.00**

SUPERBLY HANDSOME LINE OF SHOTSILK RUSTLING UNDERSKIRTS, also in black, made with demi flounce, corded frills, flannel lined, worth \$12.00, for **\$7.50**

OUT-OF-TOWN SHOPPERS—Send your size, enclose cash, and we will forward to you by express.

F. X. COUSINEAU & Co., King Street, Toronto



HEINTZMAN & CO. ..BABY GRAND..

Here we represent one of our Baby Grand creations, being graceful as well as beautiful. The characteristics of the Heintzman & Co. pianos are familiar to the musical world. For fifty years the house has been in existence and striving to win and to sustain the reputation it now enjoys. It is a remarkable fact that more than 14,000 Heintzman & Co. pianos have been made and sold in Canada. A record, the significance of which is difficult to realize in its influence upon the development of musical tastes.

Mailed on Request

OUR NEW ...

Catalogue No. 3

Of 64 pages, handsomely illustrated with fine half-tone engravings of our special lines, enabling the purchaser to buy by mail as satisfactorily as from our store.

SUIT CASES
KIT BAGS
CLUB BAGS

PURSES
CARD CASES
WRITING FOLIOS

BILL BOOKS
LETTER CASES
TOILET CASES



WHY SOME ARE RICH?

We can all theorize in answering this question, but an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory in practical life—a fact that is demonstrated every day in our busy city.

Two ladies went out shopping, they bought the same quality of goods, paid the same prices. One collected sufficient Trading Stamps to complete her book, and on returning stopped at 220 Yonge Street, selected a handsome Morris Chair which was delivered at her home free of charge. The other lady was theorizing all day. She is collecting Trading Stamps now.

Two students spent Saturday last in making their Fall purchases. During the day one of the students delivered not less than a dozen extempore sermons on the subject of "Trading Stamps." The other not only collected those to which he was himself entitled, but in one case managed to get fifty on a purchase made by his friend, which number completed his book. A convenient Writing Desk received for Trading Stamps now occupies their study used by the one and reminding the other of one more theory exploded.

A lady on Bloor Street asked a prominent merchant why he did not keep "Trading Stamps." Needless to say, he had many reasons. He had done business for forty years without Trading Stamps and always made a distinction between Cash and Credit. This reminded the lady that she owed a small account to the merchant. On paying it she wished to know how much he had charged her on account of it being charged. He is thinking over the matter yet.

Ladies from London, Ottawa, Kingston and other cities very kindly call and inform us that their Trading Stamp Showrooms are ahead of ours. We are pleased to know our Showrooms are regarded as theirs. The goods in all of our Showrooms certainly do belong to the Cash buyers, and are only waiting to be exchanged for the Trading Stamps which they are collecting.

Hundreds of such instances occur every day. You spend on an average nine times more than you save. If it is prudent to look after and collect the interest which accumulates slowly on your small savings, how much more important is it for you to see that you get the full discounts on the money you spend every day.

There is nothing new involved in the principle of either giving or collecting Trading Stamps. Trading Stamps are nothing more nor less than a convenient discount system whereby the Cash buyers get a uniform rebate on all their purchases and also benefit by the percentage of stamps lost or destroyed.

See the October and Christmas Offers.

Branch Showrooms:

LONDON—131 Dundas Street
BRANTFORD—148 Colborne Street
OTTAWA—Sun Life Building
KINGSTON—179 Wellington Street
BROCKVILLE—King Street
ST. CATHARINES—54 St. Paul Street

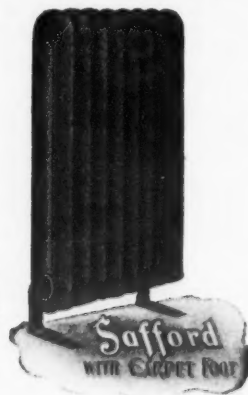
Dominion Trading Stamp Co.

220 Yonge Street

Tel. 8225

Toronto

**Safe—
Heating**



**Hot Water
and
Steam**

Aside from the fact that the "Safford" Radiators are unique because no bolts, rods or packing are used in their connections, the vital point is claimed (and guaranteed) that they will stand a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch—about double the pressure that any other radiator is capable of bearing.

They embody every single specification of all the leading architects of the country. They are SAFE beyond question. They are handsome—they are made in the shape of circles and in various angles—shapes to suit the various spaces where they are to be used. There are twenty-five different styles of

The Safford Radiators

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Agencies—Montreal, Quebec, Que., St. John, N.B., Winnipeg, Man.,
Vancouver, B.C., Auckland, N.Z., London, Eng.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

BOULTON—At Moncton, N.B., on October 3, the wife of Mr. H. Rutherford Boulton—a daughter.
ALLEN—Oct. 16th, Mrs. Thos. Allen—a daughter.
WOOD—Oct. 6, Mrs. Alfred Wood—a son.
LAWSON—Oct. 5, Mrs. W. J. Lawson—a son.
O'HARA—Oct. 11, Mrs. H. O'Hara—a daughter.

Smallpox—Oct. 8, Mrs. Charles F. Smallpox—a daughter.

GOODERHAM—Oct. 8, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham—a son.
BROWN—Oct. 5, Mrs. Vere Brown—a daughter.
LEVY—Oct. 6, Mrs. M. Levy—a son.
YOUNG—Sarnia, Oct. 4, Mrs. H. A. Young—a daughter.
LITTLE—Oct. 4, Mrs. Charles W. Little—a daughter.
DOBSON—Oct. 5, Mrs. Charles A. Dobson—a daughter.

McQuillan—Oct. 11, Mrs. Geo. McQuillan—a son.

CLARKE—Oct. 19, Mrs. F. G. Clarke—a son.
Marriages.
PARKINSON—Tomb—On Oct. 15, 1898, at St. Thomas' church, Toronto, by Rev. F. G. Plummer, assisted by Rev. Charles B. Darling, Robert William Parkinson to Mary Jean, daughter of the late Mr. George G. Tibbitts of Birkenhead, England.

Deaths.

ALLAN—Port Rowan, October 15, Alexander Kennedy Allan, aged 86.

LUTE—Caledonia—Oct. 18, William Lute to Helen M. Callender.
FRASER—Jones—Oct. 18, William Phillimore Fraser to Susan Feabella Jones.
BUCHAN—Hagerow—Oct. 19, John Leslie Buchanan to Ethelwyn Hagerow.
NEILD—Broughton—Oct. —, Ernest Neild to Ida Broughton.
SLOANE—Owen Sound, September 30, Wilhelmina Jane Sloane.
WESTLAKE—Peter Tavy, Eng., October 9, William Westlake, aged 74.
SMITH—October 19, Margaret Smith, aged 68.
CURRY—Oct. —, John G. Curry, aged 33.
MCLEAN—Oct. —, William McLean, aged 88.
WATT—Bramford, Oct. 12, Rebecca Balmer Watt.
TOWNSEND—Oct. 10, R. Albert Townsend, aged 68.
MACCULLOCH—Oct. 2, Christina A. MacCulloch, aged 50.

RICHARDSON—Oct. 11, Francis Richardson, aged 84.
MCINTYRE—Winnipeg, Oct. 10, Clare G. McIntyre.
HACKING—Oct. 10, Margaret Treacy Hacking, aged 80.
BEDSON—Oct. 11, Robert George Bedson, aged 33.
LITTLE—Oct. 11, Elizabeth Jane Little, aged 61.
JELL—Oct. 8, Lizzie Jell.
ST. GERMAIN—Oct. 8, Margaret Costen St. Germain, aged 69.
CAUDWELL—Oct. 2, George Caudwell, aged 82.